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## Tempo Magazine, Fall 2002

Office of Student Life

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che io mero a choro che tuiteri. Jdegnava me  
 no tronano la cagione ora per lultima tua mi  
 ar inteso il perche quando tu mi mandasti i caci mi  
 vestisti che mi volevi mandar pin altro cose ma di  
 azzoletti nonerono a cor finiti cio perche nonen  
 spesa p me ti scrissi che tu no mi mandassi piu  
 ma che mi richudessi di qualche cosa che mi fare  
 adissimo piacere sapendo azi esser certa de  
 che io porto ancora un bino be che moro ca  
 circa aluer mir o sta o sta anederte e pue  
 lar qua mi chelagnio lo e bisogno che ti scriva  
 er mine io miteruono el mandar qua un ch  
 come altro posto p che sto seza dorme b  
 pucto e troppo tenero p ancora e potre nascer  
 mi mesares molto malecontento e di poi  
 mea di fireze da u mes in qua sua  
 forza chitorni a fireze io quo ch  
 ho a conei qua le cose mie e ch  
 mine la fabrica di saeo p tre  
 ar qua tueta questa state  
 osire circa al mote della fede  
 mine a fireze p sempre perche son  
 pin riorrnavo arcum e passero di  
 e mi chelagnio lo terro i fireze  
 e di fireze me



A large, stylized, dark brown word "TEMPO" in a calligraphic font, overlaid on a background of aged, stained parchment with faint, illegible text.

Bound

LD  
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.C382  
T67







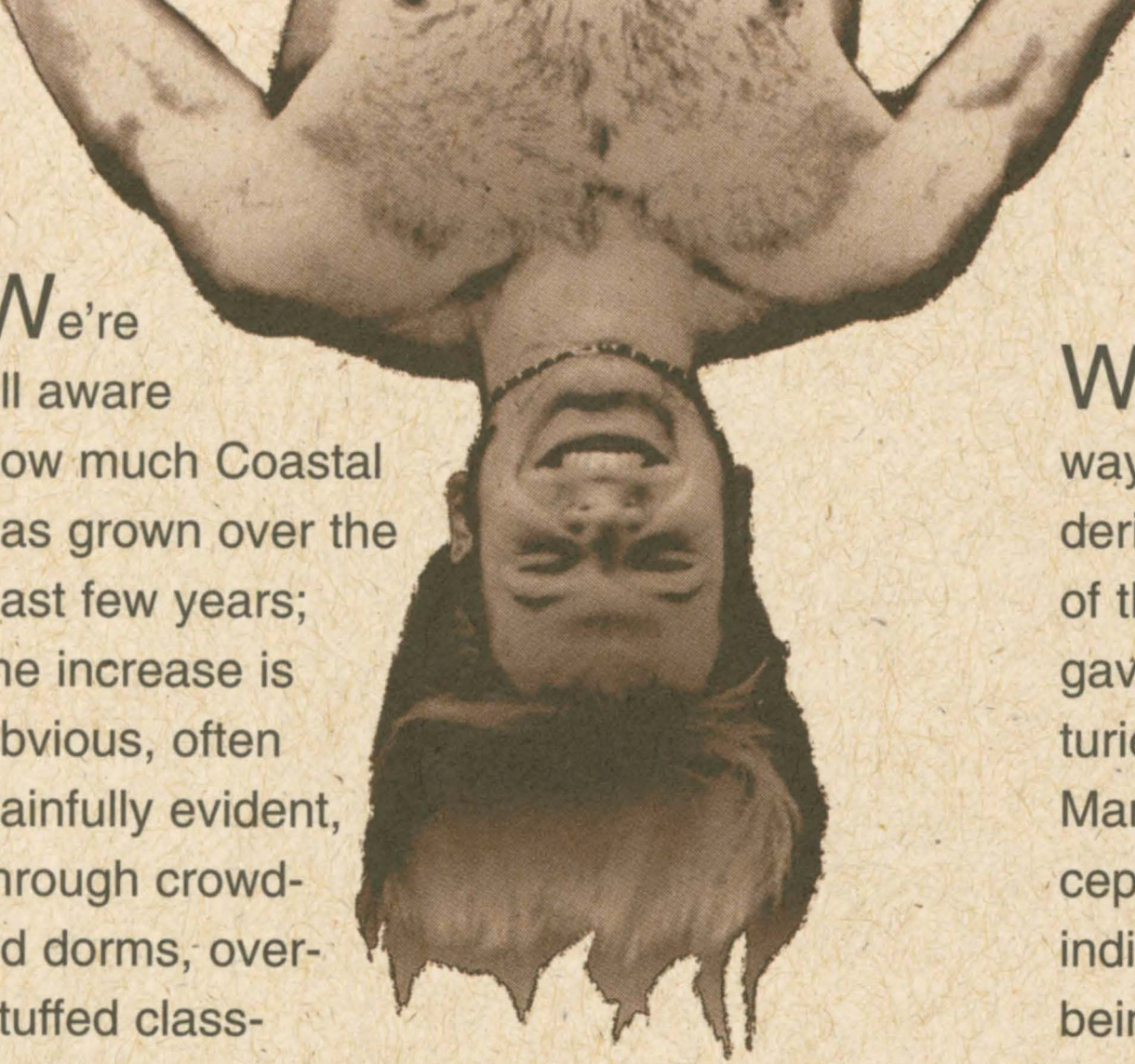
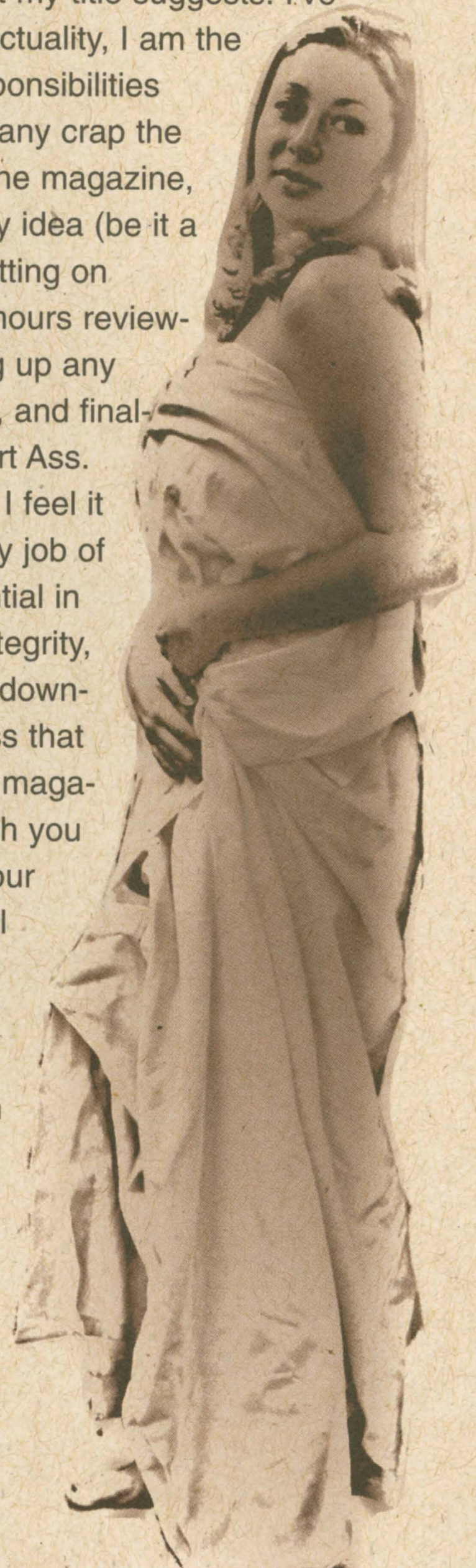
Togo



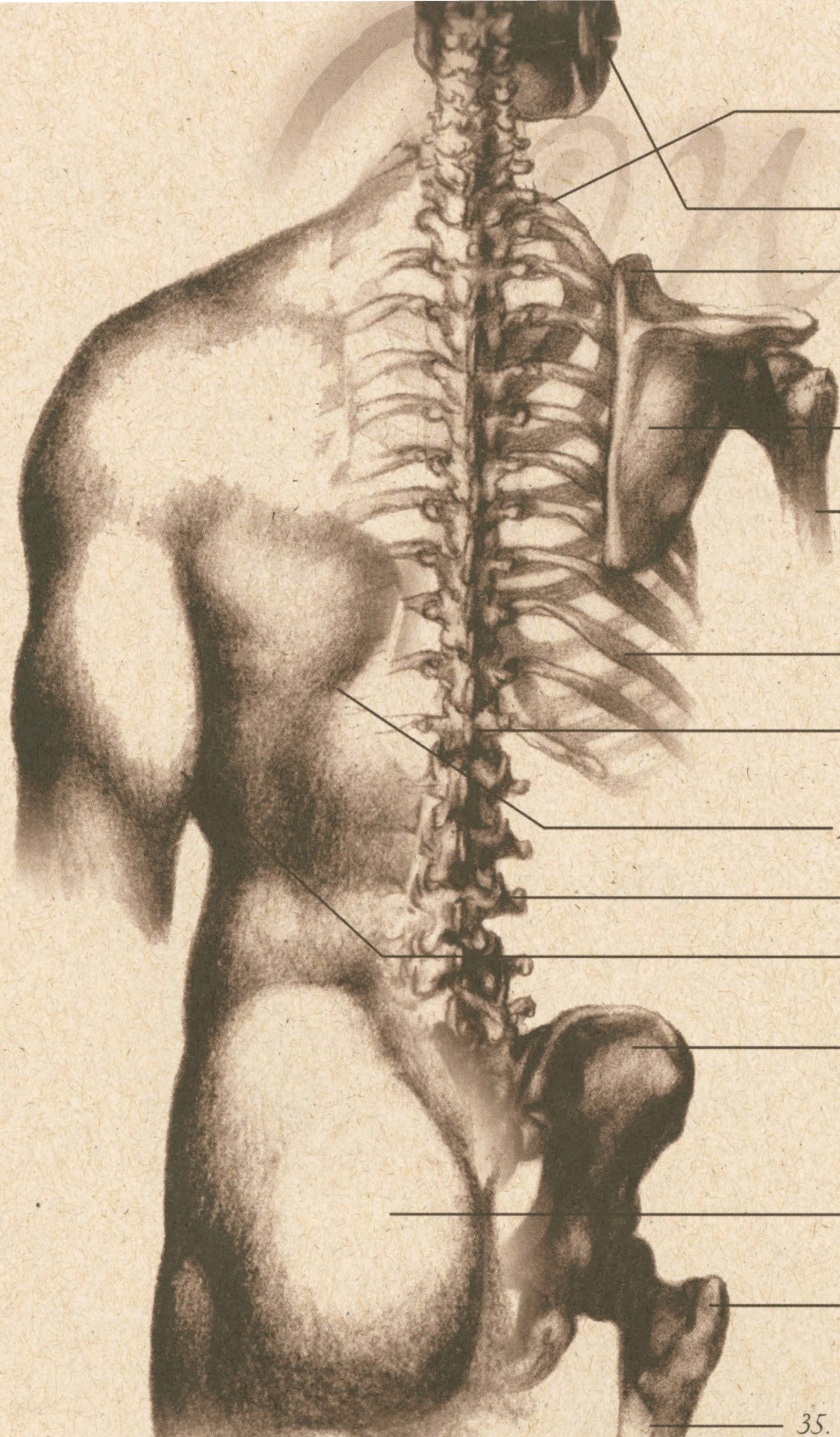
We're all aware how much Coastal has grown over the past few years; the increase is obvious, often painfully evident, through crowded dorms, over-stuffed classrooms, new buildings, renovations, and all that tomfoolery in our horribly under-funded library. It's equally obvious that while most students complain about the poorly resource-matched growth, the majority are too apathetic to take a public stand. We must take heart that we and our education are the only reasons for which Coastal exists. If we don't voice our concerns, how can we ever hope to rectify the situations that we find so deplorable? With the facts on page 22, we endeavor to make our fellow students aware of how so many things that affect us, happen without our knowledge. The article focuses most on our crumbling science building and deprived science program, but these problems are the same as those faced across campus. We must realize that if we can work together as a student body, voicing our concerns and needs as students, we can make our imagination reality, and change Coastal forever.

We each appreciate life in our individual ways. My appreciation and comfort in life derive from the main concept that humanity is of the utmost importance. The same principle gave fuel to the era of the 15th and 16th centuries, which we refer to as the Renaissance. Man is the measure of all things. This concept has been lost in the materialism and the individualism of recent times. This vision is being realized once more, a result of recent events in the international community. I find love for humanity and the advancement of the kinship of man portrayed in the works of the masters of the Renaissance: Michelangelo, Raphael, and Da Vinci. This issue of Tempo uses creations from the masters along with art produced by fellow illustrators and me. I hope you consider the background as more than a decoration. It is a statement of being. It is now in your hands.

With the progression of this semester, I've come to realize the true nature of my job here at Tempo. You see, I'm not really the Assistant Editor that my title suggests. I've discovered that in actuality, I am the Ass. Editor. My responsibilities include: cutting out any crap the others try to lay in the magazine, stubbornly rebut any idea (be it a good one or not), sitting on my...chair for long hours reviewing stories, plugging up any holes in the articles, and finally, be the best, smart Ass. Editor I can be. For I feel it is necessary that my job of Ass. Editor is essential in bringing forth the integrity, the quality, and the downright outrageousness that this student feature magazine deserves. I wish you well in the rest of your time here at Coastal Carolina University, and send you off to read the magazine with a proud grin on my face.







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# Brainy:

## *Exerpts from the Writings of a Prince Lawn Grass Blade*

Kumar Jeev

Everyone thinks that I am intelligent. Well, maybe it's true because I can understand what anyone speaks or thinks. My Aunt Hairy always used to ask me, "Brainy, you are the son of Fairy. She could hear humans. Can you?" Well, I never replied, and she thought I was dumb and deaf. But the fact is that I could not speak, but I knew what was going on. Then I met the brown leaf and the small cone from the pines, and they wrote my story for me...

Many dogs step on me but I do like the brown Labrador. That girl brings that cute dog on lonely Friday evenings with a ball. The dog plays and bathes in the water, trying to catch the ball, which she throws to break the silence of the waves. I kind of like him. If I were to have a dog, I would have one like that...

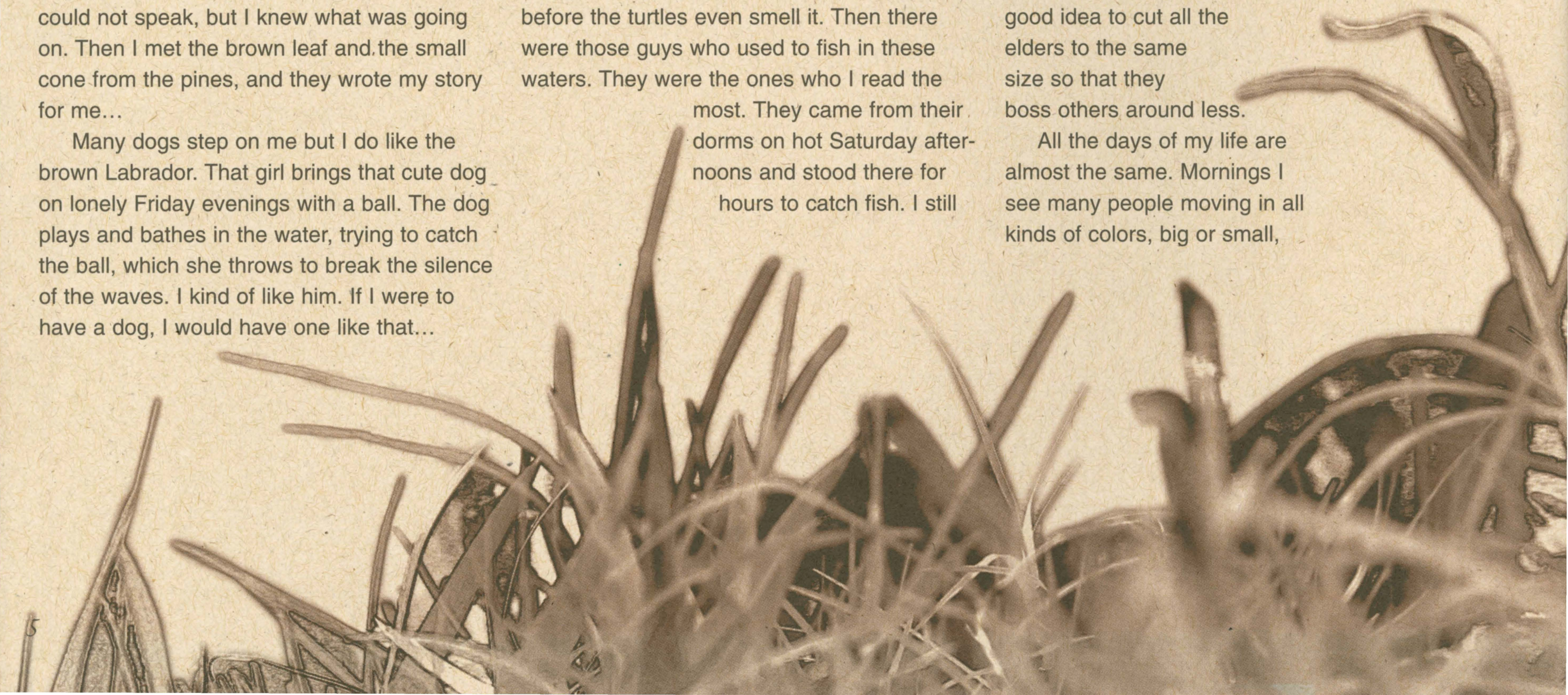
Then there are those turtles who keep screaming in the waters. When I was not cut once and I grew very tall, I used to see them fight. Crazy looking people used to stop by after lunch and throw them food. The turtles used to fight over the food. The small ones were always left hungry in the rampage. The fish are smarter than the poor turtles though. They just take the food away into the depths before the turtles even smell it. Then there were those guys who used to fish in these waters. They were the ones who I read the

most. They came from their dorms on hot Saturday afternoons and stood there for hours to catch fish. I still

remember the smiles on their faces when the fish fell into their trap.

I used to hate when I was cut short. I couldn't see around much because my fat Aunt Hairy was all around me. The metal razor was ruthless and made us all of the same size. But it gave me a good feeling to see my haughty Aunt Hairy cut to the same size as me. I guess it is a good idea to cut all the elders to the same size so that they boss others around less.

All the days of my life are almost the same. Mornings I see many people moving in all kinds of colors, big or small,





fat or tall, in groups or alone to classes in the huge buildings around me. Then all of a sudden, they disappear at class time. And then, again, there is a burst of people. But soon they all disappear into compartments in those buildings, classified on the basis of the number of hours they have spent in them. Towards evening everyone is gone.

Later, the athletes come from their dorms, rushing towards the gym to work out, or to the study hall to complete their crucial hours for tuition. I also see tired people going back to the dorms and the Commons after a long day...

Once, there were two female athletes walking towards the gym discussing workouts. One started preaching to the other, "...there are two kinds of pains, good pain and the bad. No pain, no gain." I kept on wondering, why do these athletes take any pain at all?

There are also evenings when a bunch of guys come together and start playing games. At times they play football or Frisbee. Then there are times when a

group of Indians assemble to play a weird game called Cricket.

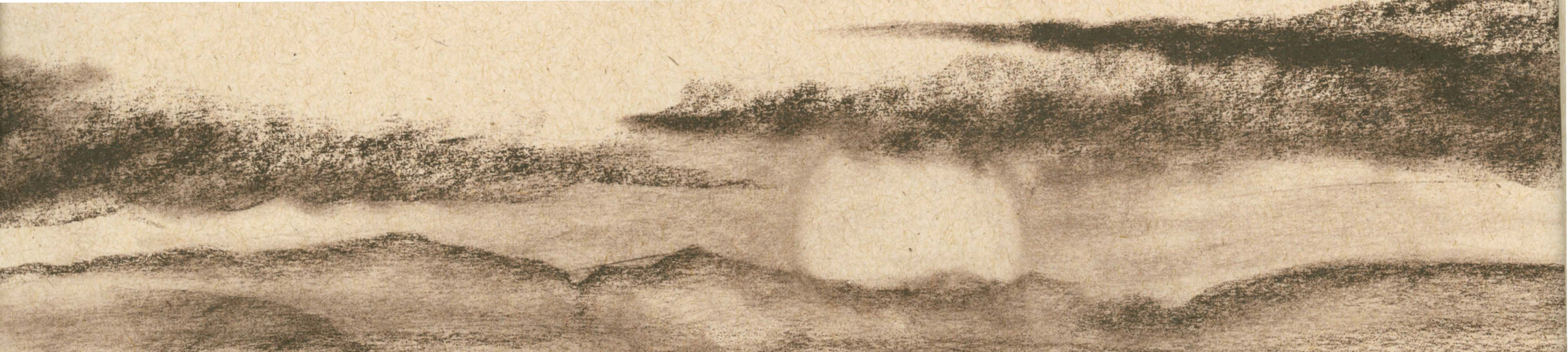
Do you know who my best friends on the Prince lawn are? The pine cone and the brown leaf are of course always there. Then there is the small-bugs group hopping around. The crazy squirrel family also visits us often.

I am now about two months old and that's considered seriously old among the grasses. The Prince Lawn,

my family, is still a cheerful bunch of grass. Each day is still the same. The same cheerful faces. The same cute dogs and kids. The same cool wind and hot sun. The small pine cone is tired of writing my story. But I think you know me now. I meet people by appointment, as all big people do. So if you happen to pass by the Prince lawn, and want to meet me, just look for the highest grass poking around here and there. That would be me, Brainy. We can perhaps chat sometime...







# *After the Sun Sets*

Lindsey Barnhill

Two wrinkled, neon pink visitor passes to the Medical University of South Carolina stared at me with every turn I made, supervising the miles etched underneath my car's tires. "Gah, Lindsey, you need to take them down," my 12-year-old cousin said to me.

I didn't really know why I still had the passes stuck to the backside of my driver's side visor, except to remind me of the last few weeks of her short life. Maybe I kept them up because the date on one of the stickers is July 14, exactly one month after her 40th birthday. We were driving to town in search of

the perfect gray, no draw-string, no pockets, knit shorts, for my aunt to wear when she received her first chemotherapy treatment.

Unfortunately, there never was a first chemotherapy treatment. Aunt Jackie was just too weak. After having three surgeries and lying in a hospital bed for four weeks, she never regained her physical strength. And, despite our selfish efforts to keep her alive, on September 8, 2002, only 10 weeks after being diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, Aunt Jackie drifted off to sleep, never to wake again.

When I found out she had passed, emotion began turning eternal somersaults through my brain. I did not want to be there, at

my aunt's home, but I did want to be near her one more time. I did not want to walk through the door of her house, but I did want to go inside and kiss my mother. I did not want to talk to anyone, but I did want to remind my grandmother of the good times we shared together. I did not want to sit down and watch television, but I did want to sit on the porch and stare into space. It did not seem real, but I knew that I was not dreaming.

During these times in a person's life, experiencing the death of a close friend or relative, hundreds of ambiguous feelings cloud logic, and even more questions boggle the soul, such as "What am I supposed to do now?"



Why did she have to die so early? Other people get sick, but they get better. Why did she have to become one of the statistics?"

Fortunately, there are natural steps we automatically utilize to overcome the sense of loss and depression that accompanies the death of a loved one. According to Granger Westberg, author of *Good Grief*, a guide to dealing with death, there are several normal stages people experience when grieving:

1. Shock: We do not want to accept the death, and instead experience a "surreal" feeling, suggesting the event cannot be happening.

2. Emotion: We visibly express emotion, including crying and extreme sadness.

3. Depression and loneliness: We feel that we have no one to turn to and that no one understands our feelings, thus pushing us further into helplessness.

4. Physical distress: We may actually become weak and experience physical sickness, including vomiting.

5. Anxiety: We may become unnerved and jumpy and may obsess about our own mortality.

6. Guilt: We feel responsible for the death or regret not saying our goodbyes, expressing love, or having things done differently.

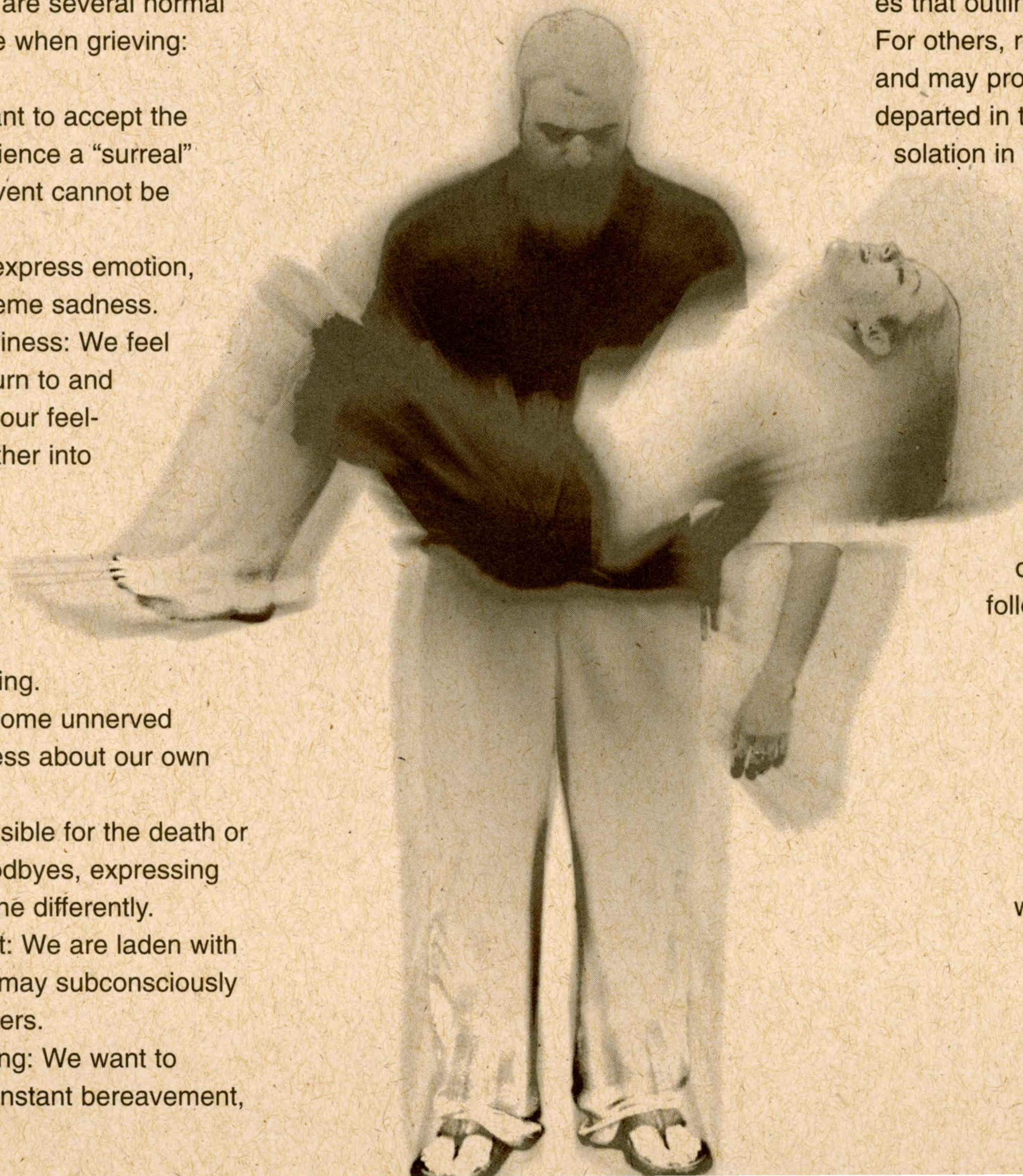
7. Anger and resentment: We are laden with frustration and rage and may subconsciously pass this anger on to others.

8. Resistance to returning: We want to remain in the stage of constant bereavement,

soaking in the sadness and disappointment.

9. Gradual hope: Although it seems impossible, hope slowly begins to shine through the darkness.

10. Affirmation of reality: We strive to establish certainty in accepting the death.



After completing the 10 stages, the grieving person will usually resume his or her normal, day-to-day activities; however, further treatment may be necessary, depending on each individual's manner of dealing with the death. For some, music may be a means of comfort, including favorite songs of the deceased, lyrics that remind them of the person, or verses that outline the events that caused death. For others, religious beliefs relieve anxiety and may promise hope for reunion with the departed in the afterlife. Still others find consolation in flipping through picture albums, reliving the past through snapshots.

Despite numerous attempts to live forever on earth, no human is immune to death; therefore, dealing with the loss of a close friend or relative is a continual process that affects each person. For more information on coping with death, check out the following resources:

[www.griefnet.org](http://www.griefnet.org)  
[www.goodgrief.org](http://www.goodgrief.org)  
[www.groww.com](http://www.groww.com)  
[www.death-dying.com](http://www.death-dying.com)  
[www.grief-recovery.com](http://www.grief-recovery.com)



# Hey Friend, Analyze This!

Lindsey Barnhill

The Incident: So there I was, sitting in my first graphic design class, in a new school, embarrassed and topless. Yes, topless, while listening intently to the professor, quickly jotting down notes, and no one said anything. Of course, I was humiliated, but kept on writing, making eye contact with the professor just like normal. Then I woke up.

The Problem: To be quite honest, I am even embarrassed revealing this strange and disturbing dream. Could it mean that I am insecure about myself, or have I developed some unsettling fetish about being naked in public?

Do dreams carry any significance in the waking world, or do we simply have no control over their content? If I dream that my boyfriend is cheating on me, does it mean it is actually true?

The "Experts": I have often won-

dered exactly what my dreams mean. Of course, growing up in the South, I have heard my share of explanations:

"When you dream about snakes, it means you have enemies."

"When you dream that someone dies, someone in your family is going to have a baby."

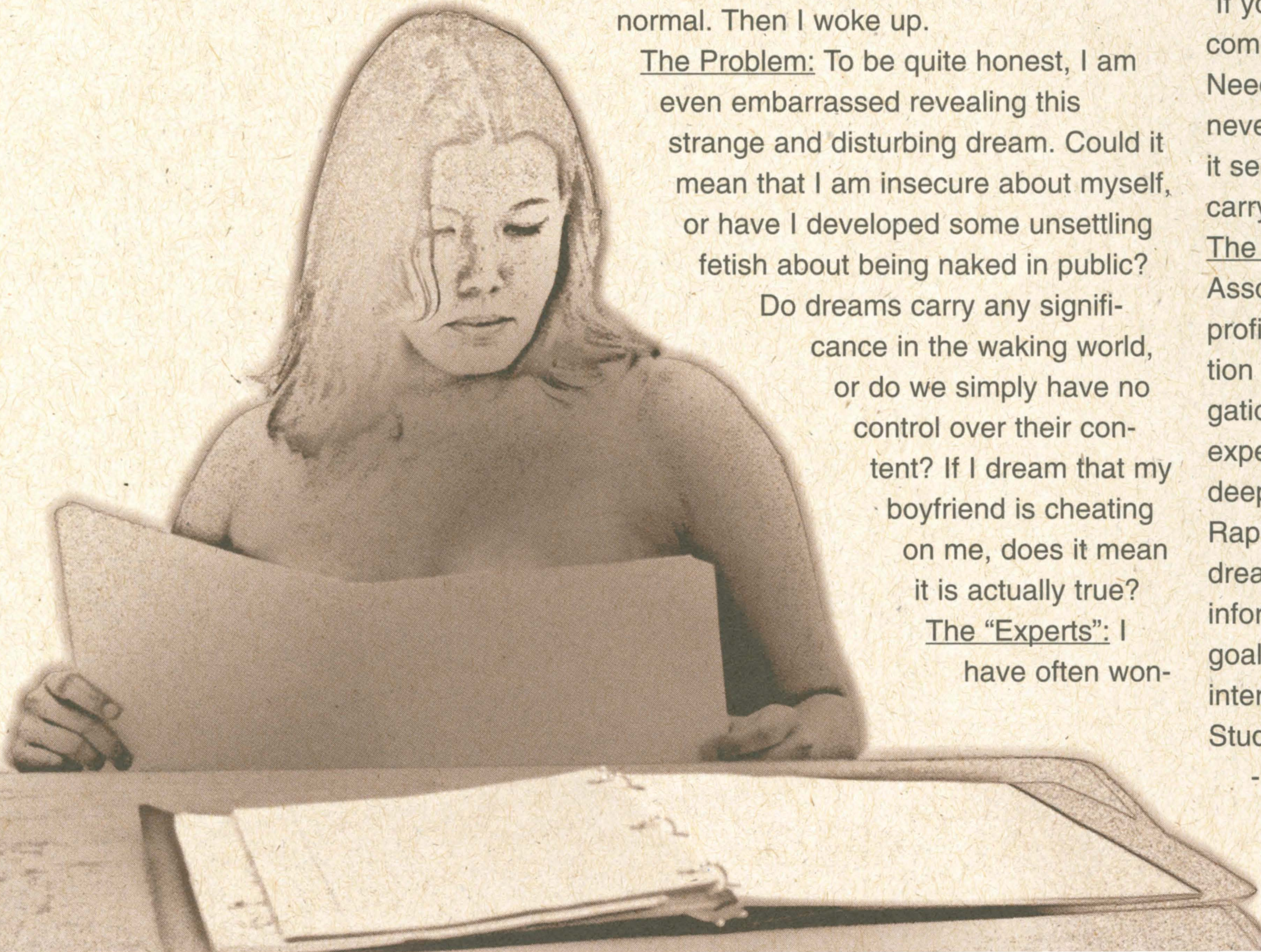
"If you dream that you are falling, jump so that you don't hit the bottom, because if you do, you'll die."

"If you dream the same dream twice, it will come true."

Needless to say, these interpretations have never sufficed my curious appetite. Personally, it seems they are too general and vague to carry any credibility.

The Web Experts: According to the Association for the Study of Dreams, a "non-profit, international, multidisciplinary organization dedicated to the pure and applied investigation of dreams and dreaming," everyone experiences dreams. Dreams occur during the deepest form of sleep, known as the REM, or Rapid Eye Movement stage. Moreover, dreams are very significant since they provide information regarding the person's disposition, goals, and inspirations. Here are some other interesting facts from the Association for the Study of Dreams' website:

-Dreaming the same dream twice does not necessarily mean you are psychically connected to the universe. However,





understanding a recurring dream may resolve an internal struggle you have been battling for several years.

-Do not panic if you dream you are falling into a pit; many people have dreamed they were falling and hit the bottom, and lived to tell about it. Treat these types of dreams just like any other.

-In order to fully understand your dreams, distinguish common elements and parallels to your waking world. It may help to keep a diary or journal to record the frequent symbols and actions in your dreams.

Another Expert Opinion: What would the well-known psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud have to say about my dreaming about public nakedness? From his third edition of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, he wrote:

"The dream of nakedness demands our attention only when shame and embarrassment are felt in it, when one wishes to escape or to hide, and when one feels the strange inhibition of being unable to stir from the spot, and of being utterly powerless to alter the painful situation....On the contrary, the people in the dream appear to be quite indifferent; or, as I was able to note in one particularly vivid dream, they have stiff and solemn expressions."

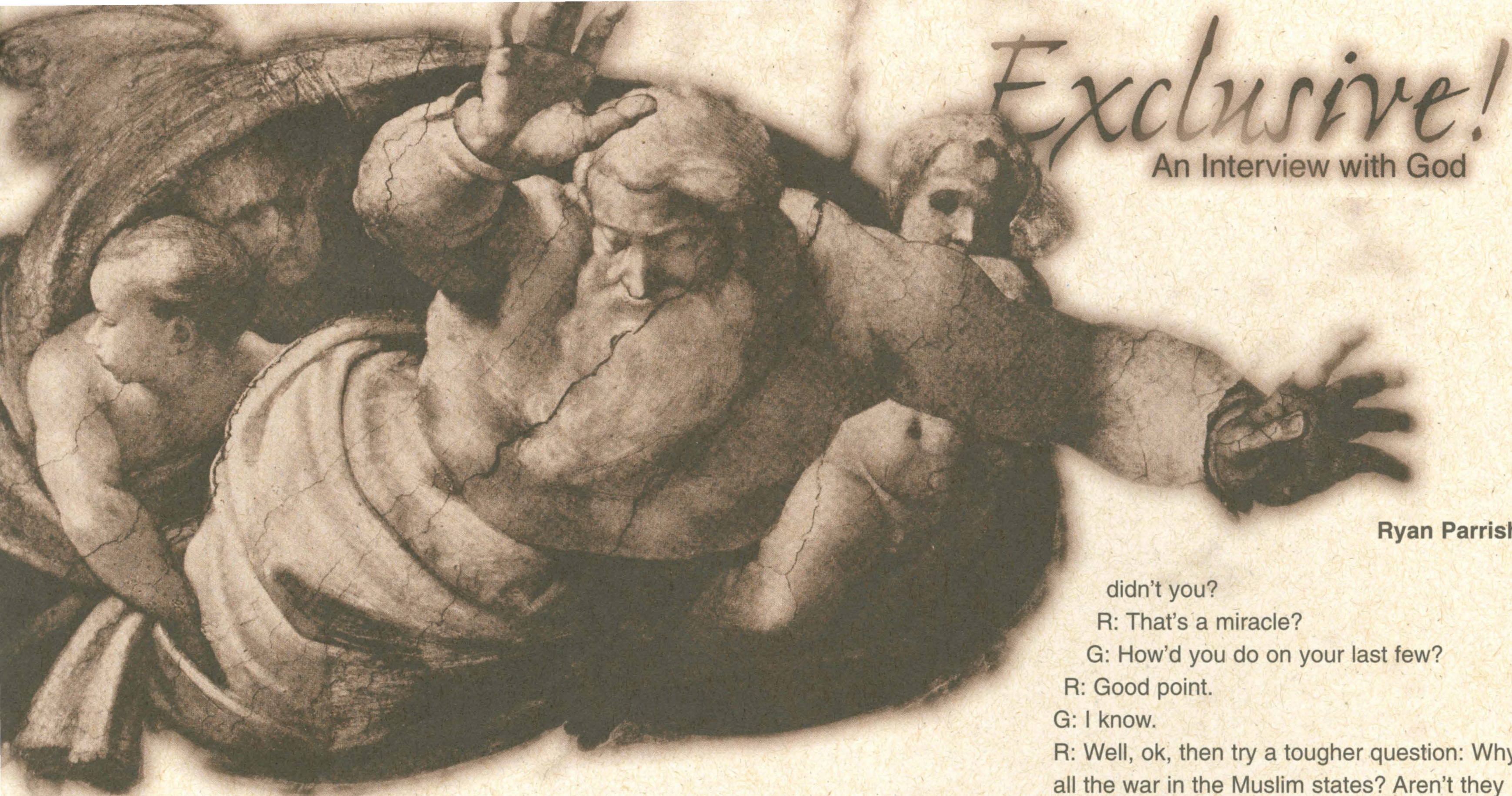
So far, so true. Remember, I said that I was embarrassed, but no one else in the classroom seemed to notice my lack of clothing. In

addition, Freud says "the moralizing tendency betrays a hazy knowledge of the fact that there is a question, in the latent dream-content, of forbidden wishes, victims of repression." Hmm, so let me get this straight, I am a victim of repression with forbidden wishes sitting in a classroom where no one acknowledges my hunger for rebelliousness?

The Conclusion: Although several studies have been completed on the interpretation of dreams, most analysts do not agree with each other. Some believe that symbols have the same meaning for everyone, regardless of the specific details of the dream. Others would argue that since each human being is a unique individual, symbolic images in dreams are also varied from person to person. Perhaps we do not even need an expert to interpret our dreams, if we fully understand our true selves and strive to accept that reality. Personally, I think I am just paranoid about being naked in public...







# Exclusive!

An Interview with God

Ryan Parrish

As I slowly trudged out of History class last Tuesday, I bumped into the most unlikely of folks: God. Yup, that God. You know, the guy who made everything that makes up...well...everything. He was camping out at CINO Grille, so I asked myself, "Homegrown, bro, when else will you get this chance?" So I sat down and just started a nice, holy conversation. Lucky for us, my tape recorder was running. So for all of you looking for a path to follow, here is:

11 A Coastal Student's Interview with the Creator:

Ryan: Oh my God!

God: Yes?

R: I'm sorry, but...it's You! Where'd You get those sandals?

G: Yes, it is Me, and I ordered the sandals from JC Penny a few weeks ago.

R: This is amazing, I mean...Wow! You're God! There's so much I want to ask You...

G: Go ahead, I have some time to kill before My appointment in Italy.

R: Italy? Really? Wow. Ok...well, I won't hold You up too long...First, I guess, is why are you at Coastal? I mean, is some great miracle going to happen?

G: Yes. You just passed your history test,

didn't you?

R: That's a miracle?

G: How'd you do on your last few?

R: Good point.

G: I know.

R: Well, ok, then try a tougher question: Why all the war in the Muslim states? Aren't they just fighting over who does a better job of praising You?

G: Yeah, I sent out a memo trying to clarify that whole "Thou shalt not..." thing, but it must have gotten caught in the mail.

R: I see. So what is going to happen?

G: Well, we've got a lot of great things planned, but I wouldn't want to ruin the surprise ending.

R: Surprise ending?

G: Yeah, we've got a great cameo appearance lined up.

R: Wow! Pauley Shore?

G: Not quite, but close...

R: Drats. Ok, well, what about the hurricanes



this year? It seems pretty quiet.

G: Oh, we have a stellar line-up set up for that one. Noah is producing the whole shebang this year, so it will have a very authentic feel to the season.

R: That sounds great. Is it going to be a private show?

G: Heaven no! We have a very large following in Japan, Barbados, and of course, we'd like to branch out into the Cayman Islands or Bahamas, or maybe a quick trip to Jamaica. I don't want to leave anyone out.

R: Hmm...It is good to go on the road every so often.

G: It works for Phish.

R: You're a Phish head? Awesome.

G: The last Jersey show was great. But back to your questions...

R: Right. Sorry. Ummm...errr...any regrets?

G: Only those 1-800-CALL-ATT commercials. What was I thinking? Carrot Top? I would have rather had Corey Haim, but his schedule was far too busy.

R: That seems only fair. But what about all the starving kids in third world countries? Don't You care about them?

G: I do. Of course I do. But I can't just end world hunger. That is a really big miracle. I try to stick to smaller miracles nowadays...

R: Such as?

G: Very tasty sandwiches at the Commons from time to time. Sunny days on the weekend. Easy Mac. Oh, and My most important current task: keeping Bob Hope alive. He's rivaling Methuselah, now, you know. On the seventh day, I rested; on the eighth, I made Bob.

R: So You know Bob Hope? That's so cool.

G: Of course I know Bob Hope. I'm God.

R: Yeah, but You know Bob Hope! That's so cool!

G: Yes, Bob Hope is ok, but I'm God! I burn bushes! I forgive sins! I make commandments!

R: Yeah, but have You ever hosted a USO show?

G: Once, but Raquel Welch stole the show...

R: See, not as cool as Bob Hope...Holler!

G: What?

R: It's ok. You're still cool, but You're no Bob Hope...God? Dude? Holler?

G: Do you want Me to smite you?

R: Not really...why?

G: Never mind...I'm getting a headache.

R: Want Advil?

G: Got Excedrin?

R: Sorry, no.

G: Me damn it.

R: Should you be taking your name in vain?

G: Quiet, you. All you get is one more question.

R: One more question to ask God, huh? I better make this good, then...

G: Let me quell some common questions:

a) Boxers

b) Twice a day, except on Mondays.

Then it's at least four times.

c) Just be yourself, do no harm, and live as a good person.

d) Big fluffy clouds, nice finger sandwiches, Mudslides with lots of tequila...and no harp music.

e) And no, the Holy Ghost doesn't wear a sheet over his head, except for Halloween...but we all get a little silly during Halloween.

R: Wow, that was amazing. You answered so much for me. I only have one final question, Sir...

G: Ask, My son.

R: What's Bob Hope's phone number?

G: Grr...





One in four of you will be raped in your lifetime.

Now that I have your attention:

As we all know, Myrtle Beach is home to exciting nightlife--with dozens of clubs and a college campus, how could it not be? Unfortunately, what most people don't know about Myrtle Beach is the danger of the nightclub scene. Sure, everyone wants to have a good time. The problem is that everyone has a different version of what a good time is, even to the point of infringing on others.

Everyone knows about rape, but it seems that very few of us really know until it is too late. As for the opening comment, that is slightly incorrect--it is only one in four women, although there are still 97,600 men raped every year. It is a problem everywhere: 261,000 victims of rape, attempted rape, or sexual assault a year. Also, it's a hidden prob-

lem; it's estimated that only 28% of rapes are ever reported to the police.

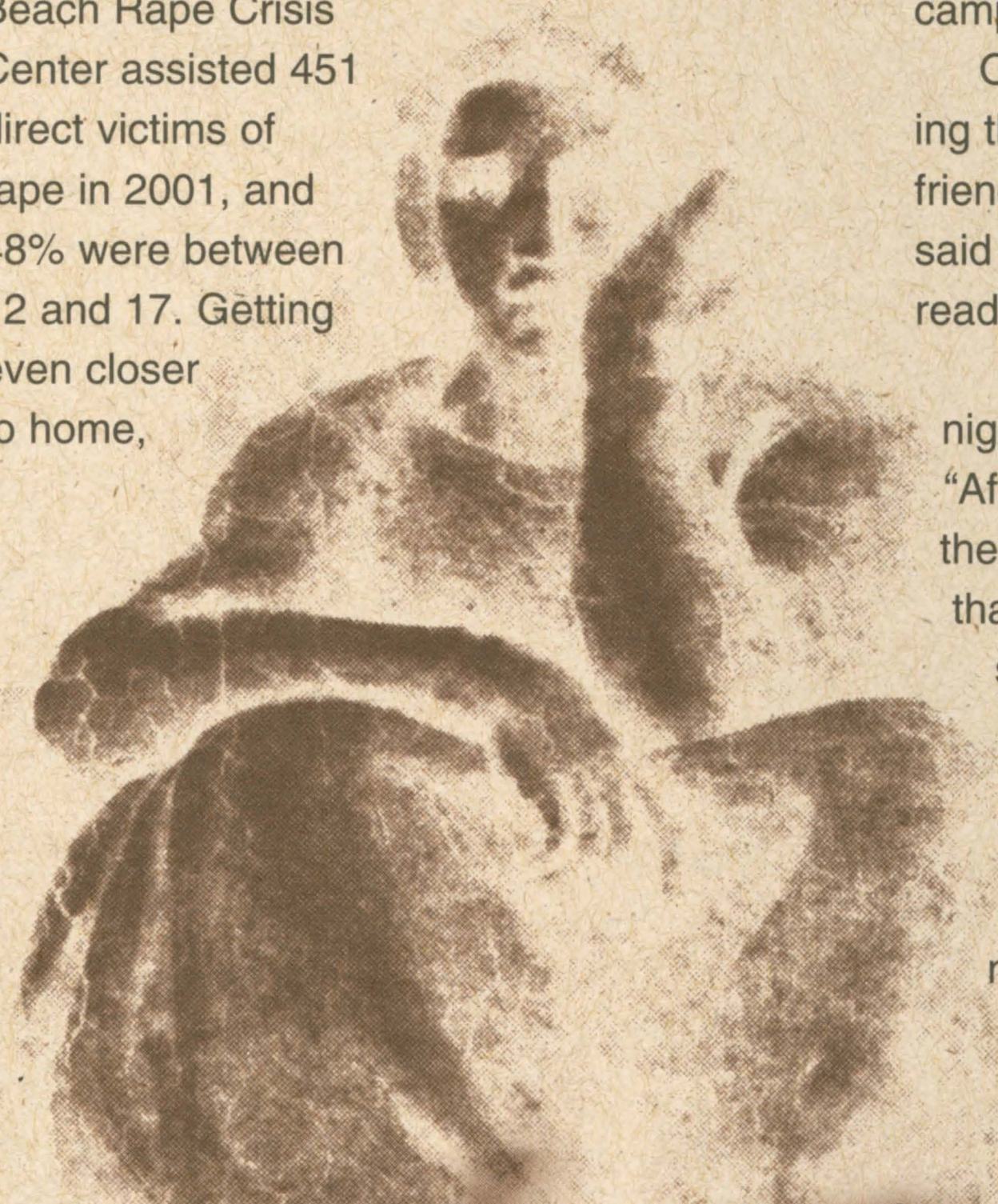
One might think that national statistics don't mean much. However, Myrtle Beach, SC, has its own set of statistics. The Myrtle Beach Rape Crisis Center assisted 451 direct victims of rape in 2001, and 48% were between 12 and 17. Getting even closer to home,

a study done by the CCU Counseling Services found that there were nine rapes reported to some authority figure (for instance, a coach, professor, or counselor). These rapes did not necessarily occur on Coastal's campus, just to a student at Coastal.

On a more personal note, while researching this article, I mentioned it to one of my friends. She told me the following story, and said I was welcome to share it with the readers:

"Two of my friends and I went out one night," began Lynn\*, a student at Coastal. "After a while of being there, we went out on the dance floor. As we were dancing, a guy that I didn't know came up near us and started dancing with us. While we were dancing, he suddenly grabbed my hand and put it in his pants, which he had unzipped." After somewhat of a struggle, Lynn motioned to her friends that she needed to leave, and they left the club.

\*Names have been changed.



# Uninvited Reality



Lynn was lucky. Often a girl who is propositioned in this way at a nightclub does not have such an easy time of getting away. Even more women won't realize what is happening to them because someone slipped something into a drink. Rohypnol ("roofies") and Gamma-Hydroxybutyrate ("G") are the two most commonly known "date rape" drugs. Both of these cause sleep and amnesia, and the effects are worsened by alcohol.

So what does all this mean? It means that we all need to be careful. Rape is never the fault of the victim, but we can all do things to help protect ourselves. Rape is not a spontaneous act brought on by passion or sexual desire. It is an attack that uses sex as its

weapon, and studies show that 60-70% of rapes are premeditated. Many of these, particularly those that begin in clubs, can be prevented. One major prevention, don't leave your drinks alone. Ever. It only takes a second for something to be put in your drink. Also, don't go home with someone you don't know.

Most importantly, if you or someone you know is ever assaulted, don't hide it. Don't blame yourself. There are plenty of places you can go for help, such as the Myrtle Beach Rape Crisis Center, Coastal's Counseling Services, or the police.

Remember,  
reporting a rape can prevent it  
from happening to someone else.





September 10, 15 minutes before eight, I boarded a plane bound for New York. Ten minutes before, I stood legs spread apart, in my socks, suddenly on much more intimate terms with a security wand. Thirty minutes before, my expertly packed (crammed to capacity) carry-on lay empty as each necessary piece of my life was inspected. Five days before, answering an undeniable need, I booked this flight. Three hundred sixty-five days before, my destination was a different place. Three hundred sixty-five days before, my world was a different place. Three hundred

sixty-five days before, this need  
did not exist, this need  
to return to a place

before September 11.

My plane taxied toward take-off to the tune of standard safety instructions. The crew issued directives while passengers fidgeted and yawned. The same actions must have been played out on Flights 11, 77, 93, and 175. I thought of those passengers, faces glancing out the windows, contemplating the impending flight. Some nervous at the thought of flying, many anxious to start a welcome vacation, others preoccupied with job demands. When the plane accelerated rapidly, thrusting us heavenward, I savored those last moments they had, before. . .

September 11, 15 minutes before seven, I boarded a train bound for New York City. Ten minutes before, I stood in line to buy a copy of the Times, as I waited for the next express to Grand Central Station. Thirty minutes before, I kissed my spouse goodbye, and left for the station, just like hundreds of others did that day and 365 days before.

Despite its cracking pleather seats and musty smell, Metro North satisfied a need. Its cars, jammed with executives and laborers alike, were a comfort to me, a constant in a world racked with change. I took my place in a

sea of expensive suits and briefcases, needing to join in this ritual of the everyday. I longed for the mundane, the routine of any day from 365 days before.

Of course it's not any day, it's 365 days later. The difference is impossible to ignore, evident in the bits of conversation sifted through the steady clack of the rails. Fragments of personal accounts: where they were, what they saw, who they knew from this day, 365 days before. One man in an Armani suit (no tie) quietly searched a section of the Times. There he found in page after page of victims' photos, a picture of a co-worker he used to meet at the midtown office. There in those photos were faces that used to catch this very train. Maybe they sipped coffee or dozed as the miles dashed away. They would have read so differently then, 365 days before. Did they fret over the financial section or the sports? Was there a hasty call to a broker, or maybe a bookie? Did they read the international headlines? I continued to listen and blend in until we reached Grand Central Station.

Regardless of its reputation as a bustling hub of human traffic, Grand Central Station is

Brandie Carlucci

*Among the Shadows*



more like a sanctuary. Its enormous lobby just below street level is a sheltering passage before hitting the streets head-on. I paused a moment to contemplate the station's star-crossed ceiling, searching for guidance in my pilgrimage. The guy in the Armani suit brushed past me, striding purposefully for the subway tunnel. I followed, like a shadow. That's what I was that day, a shadow of life from 365 days before.

With a swipe of a Metro Card and a practiced bump of the turnstile, I joined the guy in the suit on the platform. Along with crowds of others we waited for the 4, the 5, the 6 and the 7; Uptown to 125th Street; Downtown to Wall Street. But this day, Providence, or maybe the stars, had me headed to midtown, when my shadow and I caught the shuttle to Times Square.

Crammed in with the morning crush, there was no place to sit, only bodies on top of bodies. I was so close to the guy I shadowed I could smell his cologne. He wore a gray cotton crewneck under his button-down. Nice shoes, too. Details. I tried to take in every detail of the people in the seats, the straphangers, their faces and expressions. Details of an everyday thing like a ride on the subway meant more that day. They were details of lives lived before that day; I would not let them go unnoticed.

The underground transfer at Times Square was a hectic scene. A myriad of faces streamed past, all changing directions at once. My guy in the suit led me to the downtown 1 and 9. In that rush of hot air that sweeps past you as the subway makes its

stop, I could see them. Past faces, shadows of everyday people heading downtown that morning, 365 days before. Sharing our car that day were five Portland firemen in full formal dress. They just sat there, silent in solidarity. They were there to remember, too.

I suddenly felt like an imposter in my subway charade. I had no real reason for being there, no obvious link. Was I now an interloper? A rubbernecker? Would the city I loved close ranks in its grief? My secret love affair with the city had begun five years ago. The city was an enigma, dangerous and different from the South. A wicked flirtation developed. Each visit would entice more than the last; each a new foray into unexplored territory. I was left wanting more. My fears and inhibitions were quickly cast aside. Strange as it seems, it was only after my first subway ride that I knew my heart would never belong to another.

But my sense of connection was severed. I was lost and alone. My anxiety mounted as I shadowed my guy towards the daylight of 34th Street. What awaited me once I emerged from mass transit? A spectacle racked with misplaced fervor and political posturing? Ceremonies wrought with overdone sentimentality? Such a concept seemed as foreign to New York as the altered skyline. My feet touched the street and all fear disappeared. The energy of NYC embraced me. Like a long lost lover, it greeted with a lingering kiss and a murmured invitation. I fell in love all over again.

My guy in the suit had vanished, diving into the streams of people with places to be. Noise and movement surrounded me. Life. Still, laced into this scene were the signs that this was no ordinary day.





FDNY hats and shirts, red, white and blue ribbons, and a multitude of flags colored the setting. Three streets over and a half a block down, where a tent-sized American flag nearly covered 31st Street, a new scene unfolded around me. Was it Providence once again that brought me to this place and time, or the stars, this time 50 of them?

Three hundred sixty-five days before, the New York firefighters of Engine 1-Ladder 24 answered a call for help. Almost directly across 31st. Street, Fire Department Chaplain and Franciscan priest Mychal Judge, of St. Francis of Assisi, answered the call as well. Judge became the first official life lost. His body was lovingly placed on the altar of St. Peter's church after being struck and killed when the first tower fell. Along with their Chaplain, Engine 1-Ladder 24 lost six more of New York's bravest that terrible day when they rushed down 31st Street, some never to return.

A great many people knew and loved Father Mike. Since his heroically tragic death, many more have rallied around his memory, calling for his canonization. The commemoration of his death could have easily taken the

form of fanaticism or grandiosity. Instead, three powerfully direct symbols stood quietly in the street. In front of the firehouse, forged out of molten metal, was a hauntingly surreal life-sized depiction of a fireman pulling an almost bodiless victim up from the depths. Just outside the church, a modest bronze bust of Father Mike. Also there, a truck and trailer carrying a huge bronze bell. On the door of the truck, a simple sign: The Bells of Remembrance, To Honor Those Who Died, To Console Those Who Remain. Within shouting distance of bustling Penn Station, an almost guarded calm had descended on that little section of the street. Quietly, people walked up to stand in the street together, silent in solidarity.

September 11, 15 minutes to nine, the surviving crew of Engine 1-Ladder 24 stood in formation as the names of their fallen brothers were read. Ten minutes before, a solemn prayer of guidance and hope was spoken. And then the bell began to toll. It rang for each soul lost 365 days before. It rang for each soul left to live on 365 days later. The friars of St. Francis of Assisi did not want a ceremony befitting a would-be saint. It would rob Father Mike and his fellow fire-

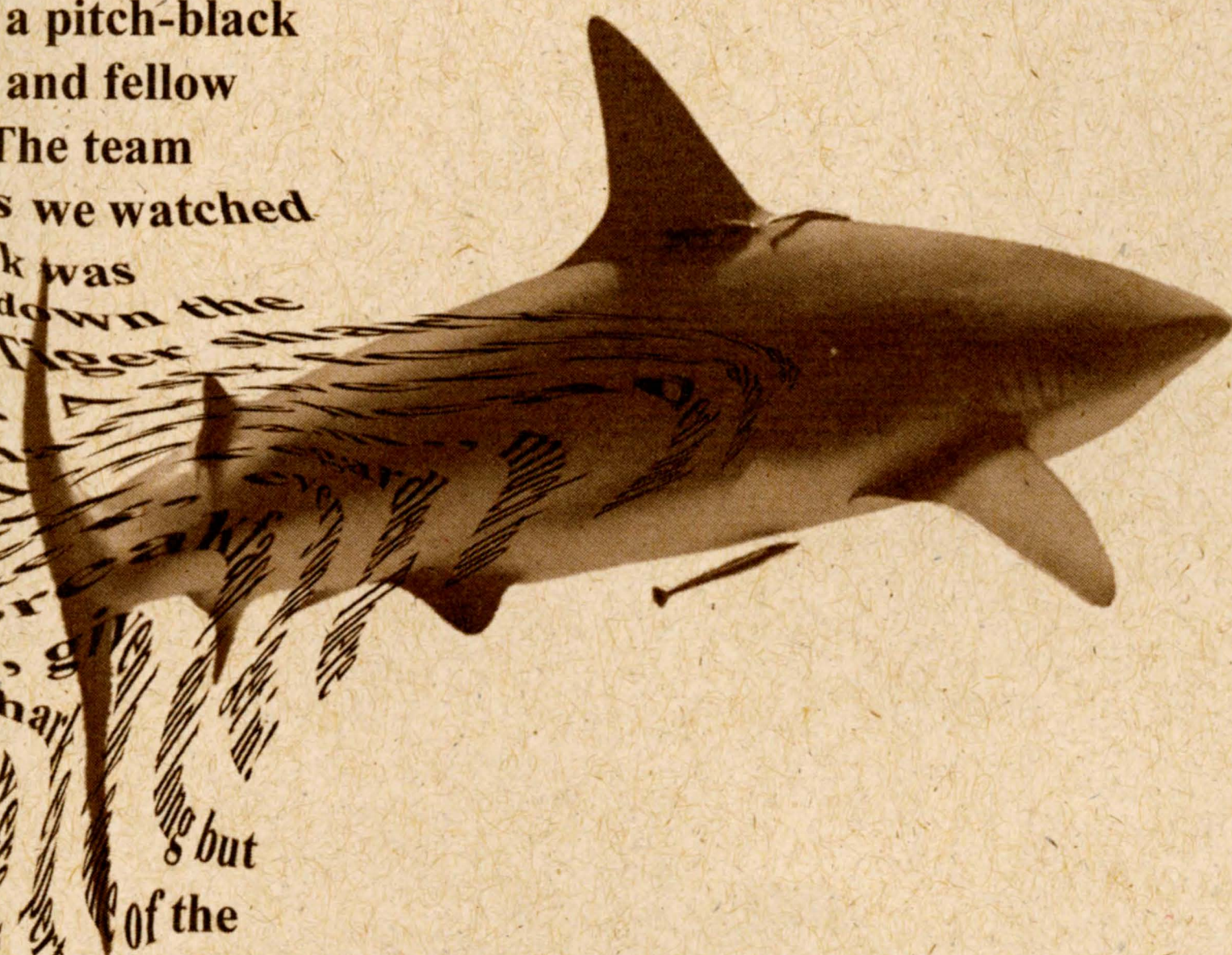
men of their humanity. No huge fanfare, no crowd control. In fact, any New Yorker on the street that day could step up and sound that glorious bell. And they did. One by one, they peacefully lined up and took their turn. Not exactly NYC's style, but it was exactly what we needed. It helped in the healing that day 365 days later.

With mixed emotions I boarded a plane the next morning to return to my daily life. I was glad I followed my heart and the stars to 31st Street. I was sad to be leaving so soon after finding my way back. In my effort to make a ritual out of the routine, I had found my way to another ritual that was anything but routine. But it was full of life. Life from before endures as a precious memory, and those who lived it remain loved shadows in our mind. Now, 366 days later, it is a life less ordinary, but those memories help us to survive. They serve to honor those who died and console those who remain. Thanks, New York.



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Once the Lemon shark was  
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the shark's release, we were given  
an animal in its element, much  
feeling specimens in the lab.  
the water became





## Day One:

*Flight to paradise...in a sardine can.*

Last May, 13 students accompanied Dr. Dan Abel, and teacher assistant Chris Prosser, on the trip of a lifetime: a week-long stay at the Shark Lab to study some of the most misunderstood creatures in the ocean. The Shark Lab is located on the island of Bimini, and is officially called the Bimini Biological Field Station.

Dr. Samuel H. Gruber--shark expert and owner of the lab--and his wife, Marie, led our group in the introductions, which included the rules. Later in the day, we went to Shell Beach for some much anticipated snorkeling. It was so beautiful; I had never seen water that clear. It was amazing to be able to walk to a beach where tropical fish were plentiful, and full-sized conch shells lay on the beach. My snorkel buddy and I even spotted some barracuda. After an hour that seemed to fly by, we headed back to the lab for great food and the first series of lectures.

After lecture we headed to bed for some much needed rest. Many of us were drifting off to sleep, dreaming of sunny days and clear water when WHAM! At 1 a.m., a sharp knock woke us with the announcement that there was an 8-foot Lemon on the line. The "lemon" was not a reference to an enormous piece of fruit, which did in fact run across a few minds, but it meant a Lemon shark was hooked on one of the previously laid lines.

We took a pitch-black boat ride, lit only by the stars and fellow boaters, to get a closer look. The team proceeded to "work her up" as we watched in awe. Once the



Bitten by Melissa Yencho  
**MSCI 473: Field Studies  
in Shark Biology**

Lemon shark was released--unharm--we went down the rest of the rope to search for Tiger sharks. Our group was lucky again! A 6-foot Tiger shark and a large Nurse shark were attached to the line. Once released, we headed back to the lab and arrived at 3 a.m., much too excited to rest, but tired regardless.

## Day 2:

*There are sharks in the water, everyone get in!*



Day two began with breakfast and long but interesting lectures, given by some of the world's foremost shark experts. The evening held what we were all really waiting for, the shark dives.

We were taken out to the Tiger lines, one of which had a Tiger shark already on it. Hurriedly, we put on our snorkel gear and hopped into the water alongside the shark. Instructions were clear to stay away from the head, and to follow the animal once it was released. Ok, chase a Tiger shark, sounds cool.

Prior to the shark's release, we were given a chance to touch it. You could feel the power and warmth of an animal in its element, much different from feeling specimens in the lab. Once the shark was released, the water became a flurry of eager students, swimming after the swift fish.

Back on the boat the now very happy students were taken to Triangle Rocks, the site of our first dive with 6-foot Caribbean Reef sharks and 4-foot Blacknose sharks. When we arrived, the sharks were waiting for their snack of bait-fish from the lab boats. My dive partner and I attempted to jump in the water on the count of three, but every time we tried, a shark would swim underneath us. Truthfully, my partner and I were a little nervous at first, but once you





observe the grace of sharks in their natural environment, there is no room for fear.

Underwater, all students held onto a line, which was attached to the anchor line, and set up so students could have a safe place away from the feeding site. Dr. Gruber and the staffers proceeded to throw pieces of fish over our heads into an open area where the sharks were. A countless number of sharks quickly arrived to feed. It was an opportunity to see a real shark--not the stereotypical mindless fish hoping to snack on innocent beachgoers up close. The sharks were curious, but can you blame them? It's not every day you see fish that look like people.

*Day 3:*

*Come to me, little shark.*

Day three brought an event the lab crew had never done before. They took us to a special area of the mangroves, a particularly active nursing area for juvenile Lemon sharks. The area was

reachable

through a narrow

path, forcing us to wade

through the mud and waist-deep water

single file. We took our positions and the bait-

fish was tossed in the water. We waited patiently

and were rewarded by the braver juveniles. The

sight of tiny little fins swimming towards us was

rather exciting, if not a little amusing. The fins on

the water echoed the famous representation of a

ferocious shark, but these fins were small and on


the back of toddlers, if you go by our standards.

One of the best things I have ever seen was definitely a juvenile shark eating a piece of fish that I fed it. I was happy knowing I helped a baby shark grow.

*Day 4:*

*I wish I could throw up my stomach too!*

One of the busiest days started behind the lab, at pens designed to hold juvenile Lemon



Photos, clockwise from left: Dan Jenkins, Steve Newman, and Tim Calver of the Bimini Biological Field Station, checking lines set for Tiger sharks; students snorkel to observe feeding behaviors of Caribbean Reef and Blacknose sharks; Caribbean Reef Shark (*Carcharhinus perezii*); Because their jaws are not directly connected to the skull--a feature termed hyostylic jaw suspension--sharks have the unusual ability to protrude their jaws from the mouth; a camouflaged scorpionfish (*Scorpaena*) spotted during a reef dive; Dan, Steve, and Licky Drake "working up" a Tiger shark. (Photographs courtesy of Dr. Dan Abel and Grant Johnson.)



sharks for research. There, a Ph.D. student, Steve Newman, conducts part of his research by examining the stomachs of the sharks to see what they are eating. Lemon sharks can naturally invert their stomach. (Picture being able to throw up your stomach inside out, and then be able to shove it back in. Nice, huh?) It does not harm the shark.

Steve put the shark under an anesthetic, and once the shark was "out," he used forceps to gently pull out the stomach to reveal the contents inside. A good word to describe this process is "juicy."

After the demonstration, we had a chance to handle sharks ourselves. Dr. Dean Grubbs and Dr. Gruber taught us the proper way of handling a shark, which we then practiced on the juvenile Lemon sharks. I have always wanted to touch a wild shark, let alone hold one for a little while. The little animal calmed down as I got a good grip on his pectoral fin with my dominant hand and slipped my other hand around his tail. I just stood there with this goofy grin on my face, savoring each second that passed.

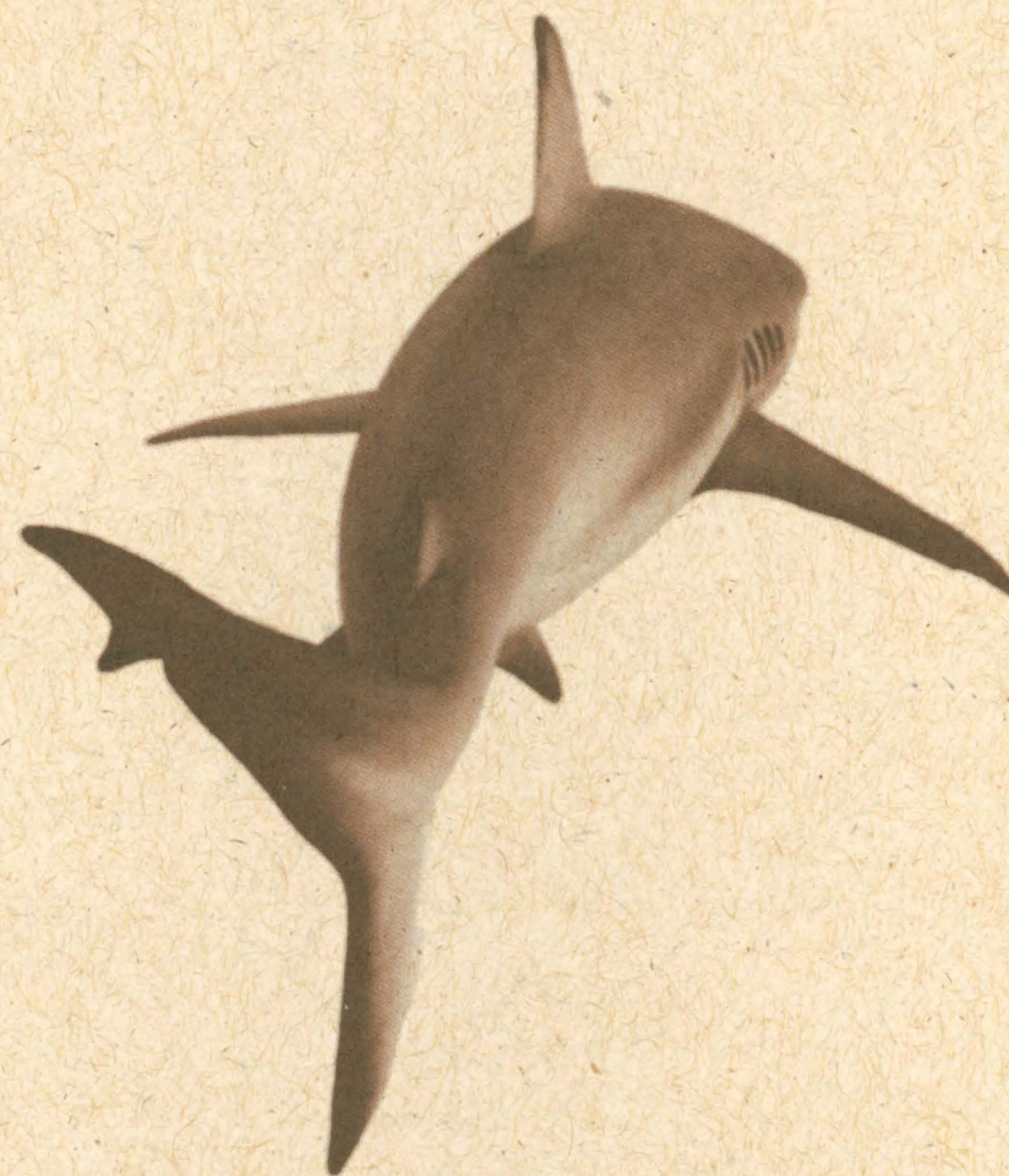
*Day 5:*

*It all comes together.*

The last day was full of excitement, but sadness as well. It was filled with shark dives and a night out on the town. We saw a lot of sharks, but this time we saw them in a new light.

After a week of lectures, we observed the shark behaviors we had learned about. We had watched the complex eyes of the shark, and seen what happens when the nictitating membrane (basically the eyelid) comes down, and electroreception takes over. I truly appreciated the entire animal and the millions of years it took to make a fish so well adapted to its home. At the same time, I realized that so much is still left to be discovered about these animals.

Our final lecture was perhaps the most important: Conservation and Fisheries Management. It's a sad fact that people are scared of sharks, when people are the worst predator sharks have. The public needs to be educated on the reality of sharks, and students need to continue their study of them to discover the unknown.





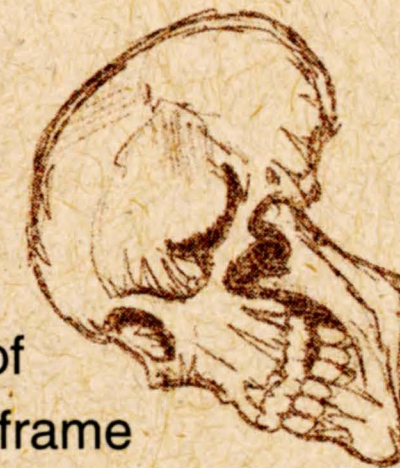


Advertising for Coastal boasts that lower-level courses have an average class size of 28. In 2001, the average science class contained 41 students, almost 50% more than what is claimed.

In addition, the average politics class supported 65 students; the average geography class, 48; biology classes averaged 47 students; and marine science, 45.

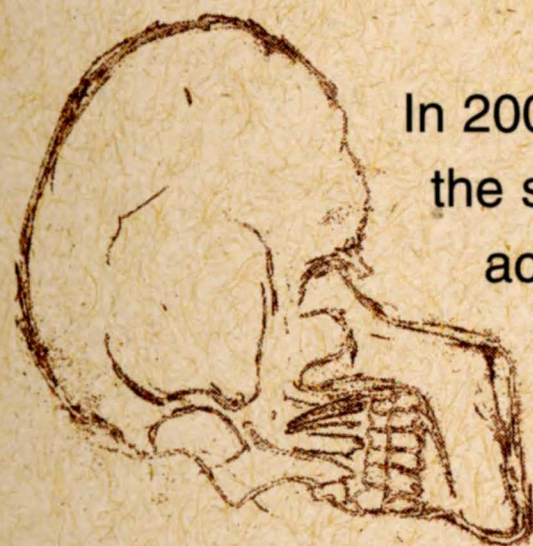


The 1996 Campus Master Plan states the imminent addition and renovation of the science building, projecting a time frame between 1999 and 2003. The latter is less than two months into the future. Building improvements are undoubtedly further.



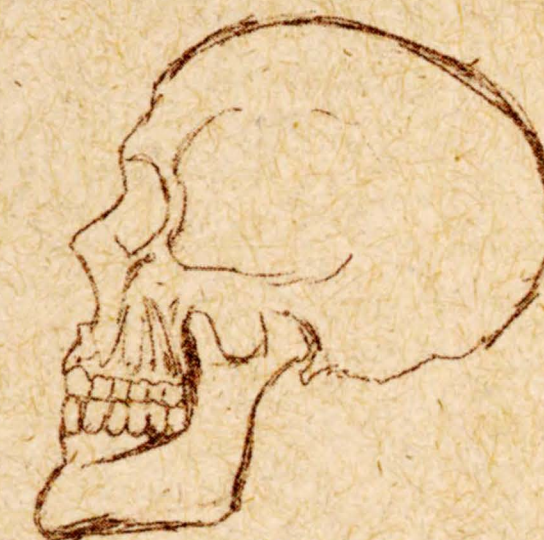
The new welcome center and bookstore, University Hall, constructed in 2001, boasts eight classrooms. That's more than either the science building (including temporary space) or the library. It's also close to the number of classrooms in the Kearns and Prince Buildings.

# Premier Undergraduate Education?



In 2001, science majors constituted 30% of the student body, while humanities majors accounted for only 10%. Yet, a massive humanities building was constructed that year. Currently, numerous science classes are being taught in the humanities building.

Rain gutters had to be devised for interior labs in the science building to prevent the ruin of instruments worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. In addition, "Wet Floor" signs are almost permanent fixations in the science building and Kearns Hall, the result of constantly leaking roofs.



Over the past 10 years, out-of-state tuition has more than doubled, and in-state tuition has almost doubled.

Science courses struggle to find classrooms for lecture. Supposedly temporary trailers were added next to the science building parking lot to alleviate this problem. The 2000-2001 Institutional Assessment identified four classrooms in the science building, and three temporary buildings. The 2001-2002 Assessment claims that there are *seven* science classrooms, and *no* temporary buildings. The trailers have not moved, and some remedial math calculations make this recent assessment somewhat suspicious.





Five pretzels. Thin. Without salt. I moved my finger over the twisted arrangement, rubbing off all the excess crystals. I laughed quietly as some friends teased me about how little I ate for lunch. "I always eat a huge breakfast! I'm just not hungry when lunch rolls around," I

lied. As I swallowed the last piece of pretzel, I stood up to leave, saying something about a meeting to get ready for or an article I had to turn in. I walked away, my hand going quickly to my aching stomach. It bulged grotesquely from beneath my shirt, huge and ugly. "This," I thought, "will not do. Tomorrow, I'll eat only three pretzels, and nothing until then. Yes, that's better." Peace settled my distraught self.

I always had such good reasons. It was so

easy to convince myself that what I did was not hurting me, only helping, making me healthy, beautiful, accepted, wanted. The weeks went on and on, every day I ate just a little less. It soon became not enough to just control my eating. Every time I looked in the mirror, I saw the fat sagging heavily all over my body. Every time I got dressed, I felt as if I was covering up the truth with baggy clothes.

Exercise was my answer. If I wasn't eating anything and exercising, I wouldn't gain any more, just burn fat off. I worked out every day and played soccer as if it were my life. Soon, I was eating only a couple times a week, running cross-country, playing soccer, and working out at least once a day. I'm not sure how I survived. Every pound I lost gave me a rush, a high that fueled me to lose another. My stomach had fallen silent months ago, giving up complaining and begging for food. I was living off of air and finally feeling like I was close to the perfect image I saw of myself. "Just a few more weeks, and I can stop this diet," I'd promise myself. Although, I never kept that promise. I was lying even to myself. I couldn't stop. I needed to not eat to feel good about myself. It was like a drug, and I couldn't live without a fix. I lasted for years, eating nearly nothing and stressing my body beyond the maximum.

"I think you're anorexic," some of my friends commented. No, that was silly, I just wanted to lose some weight, flatten my tummy, that kind of stuff. I wasn't going crazy with the diet. I was being careful and I knew how much my body could handle. No one else really understood. But I soon found it hard to concentrate, to remember things, to find the



# Starving Beauty

Suzette Lopez



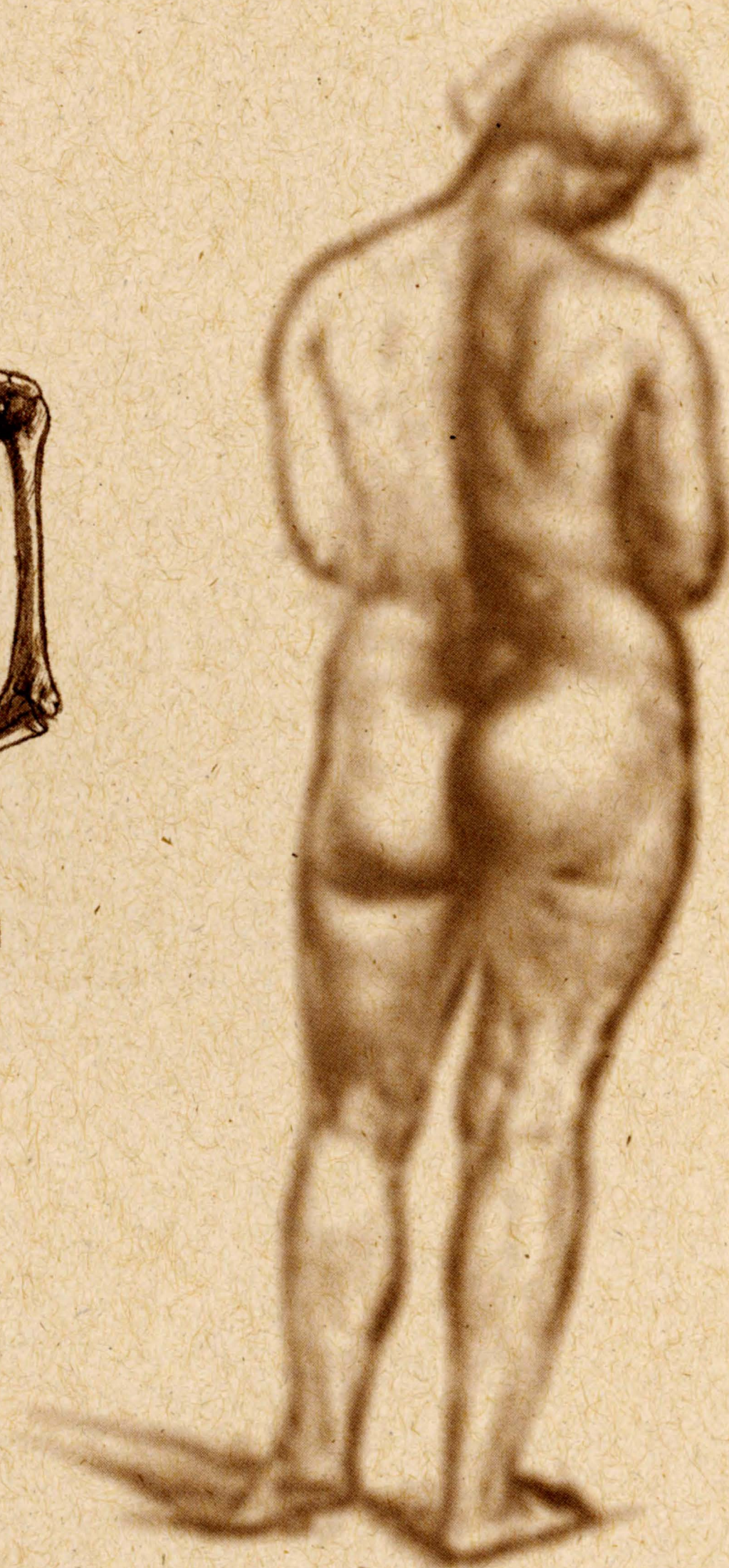
energy to get out of bed, to even breathe. I felt as if my body was dying. Finally, I had to go to the hospital. I was told that I had ruined my body. My thyroid no longer worked, and I would be unable to metabolize anything without medicine for the rest of my life. My body had completely shut down, now completely rejecting the food from which I starved it for so long. In a quest to make myself beautiful, hating my body for what it was, I ruined it.

I won't say that I'm cured. This isn't something that I think will ever go away, but I have learned something. I hated my body, and what I did was a form of self-mutilation. Now I find myself getting nauseated after eating, just imagining the amount of calories that I let enter my body. Sometimes I feel I shouldn't even eat after reading the number of calories in some foods, even though nothing was actually ingested. Nothing about this makes any sense, there's no reasoning. I'm 5'1" and almost 30 pounds heavier than I was several years ago. People now comment on how I'm tiny, skinny. Thirty pounds ago, I thought I was fat, disgusting. I was completely blind to the truth. I know I can't continue to destroy myself! This is what I have, and the best I can be is healthy, and find peace in that.

If someone promised that you'd be beautiful if you cut off an arm, would you live without your arm for the rest of your life? Eight million people in the United States suffer from an eating disorder, and that's a conservative estimate. Many people never admit to having one. About 91% of college women are dieting to control their weight, and 81% of 10 year olds are afraid of being fat. It's not just women either. About 10% of individuals with eating

disorders are male. Eating disorders affect young, old, male and female. What people don't realize is that eating disorders can be life threatening. It is comforting to know that I am not alone in my struggles, but also very disturbing that so many people are hurting themselves to feel better about the way they look and feel, to become "beautiful."

There are people who tell you that you should look a certain way to be liked. There are people who say things about weight and appearances without knowing how it will affect others. But what does it say about us if we live our lives blindly as other people tell us to? No one wants a preacher to tell them that what they do is wrong. There's a big difference between being healthy and being irresponsible. Learn to love what you have and don't lie to yourself. You are beautiful, even if you can't see it.





You all know you've been there before. You're sitting in your dorm room, it's starting to get late, and you begin to crave something to fill the void in your stomach, which is beginning to seem as though it hasn't been fed in ages (or at least a few hours). What some of you may not know is that these hunger pangs can often prove fatal. Freshman Drew McCrary is an outstanding example of this statement.

Looking for a quick fix, Drew decided to toss a container of Chef Boyardee Beef-a-roni into the microwave. Minutes later, however, he was in such a hurry that he failed to read the warning label written around the lid of the container. It states, albeit in very small lettering, "Do not lift by lid." Drew eagerly grabbed for the lid, and the container fell, splashing hot liquid over his ear, down his neck and chest, and over his right nipple. Drew immediately jumped into a cold shower, and washed the liquid from his

body. His ear was burned so badly that skin was instantly taken off as he wiped himself dry with a towel.

Drew called a close friend, who rushed to the room with burn cream. Drew applied the cream to the affected areas. Soon, what had been red marks began turning into bubbling blisters. He was taken to the emergency room, where he was diagnosed with second-degree burns. After a week and a half of physical therapy, wearing bandages around his waist and shoulder, popping some prescribed Vicadin, and missing two weeks of classes, most of the Beefaroni-induced pain has subsided.

"I guess this is a sign that I'm not cut out for the culinary arts," said Drew. That's probably a good assumption. So the next time you get those late-night cravings, and reach unsuspectingly for your favorite Boyardee meal, learn from Drew's mistake, and take his advice, "Read the small print, and be careful with the Chef."

*Coastal's  
Finest*





# Coastal's Namesakes

"Hey! Where are you going?" asked Timmy. He was an old high school friend from back home in Alabama. He was on a vacation and stayed in the dorms with me last summer.

"To the Edwards, dude."

"Who are they?" he asked.

"How do I know?"

"Didn't you just say you are going to meet them?"

"Well, I meant..."

Then I all of a sudden realized that I didn't know who those people were. And I had been taking classes in those buildings for years. A spirit of the quest for knowledge arose in me. This spirit has taken me

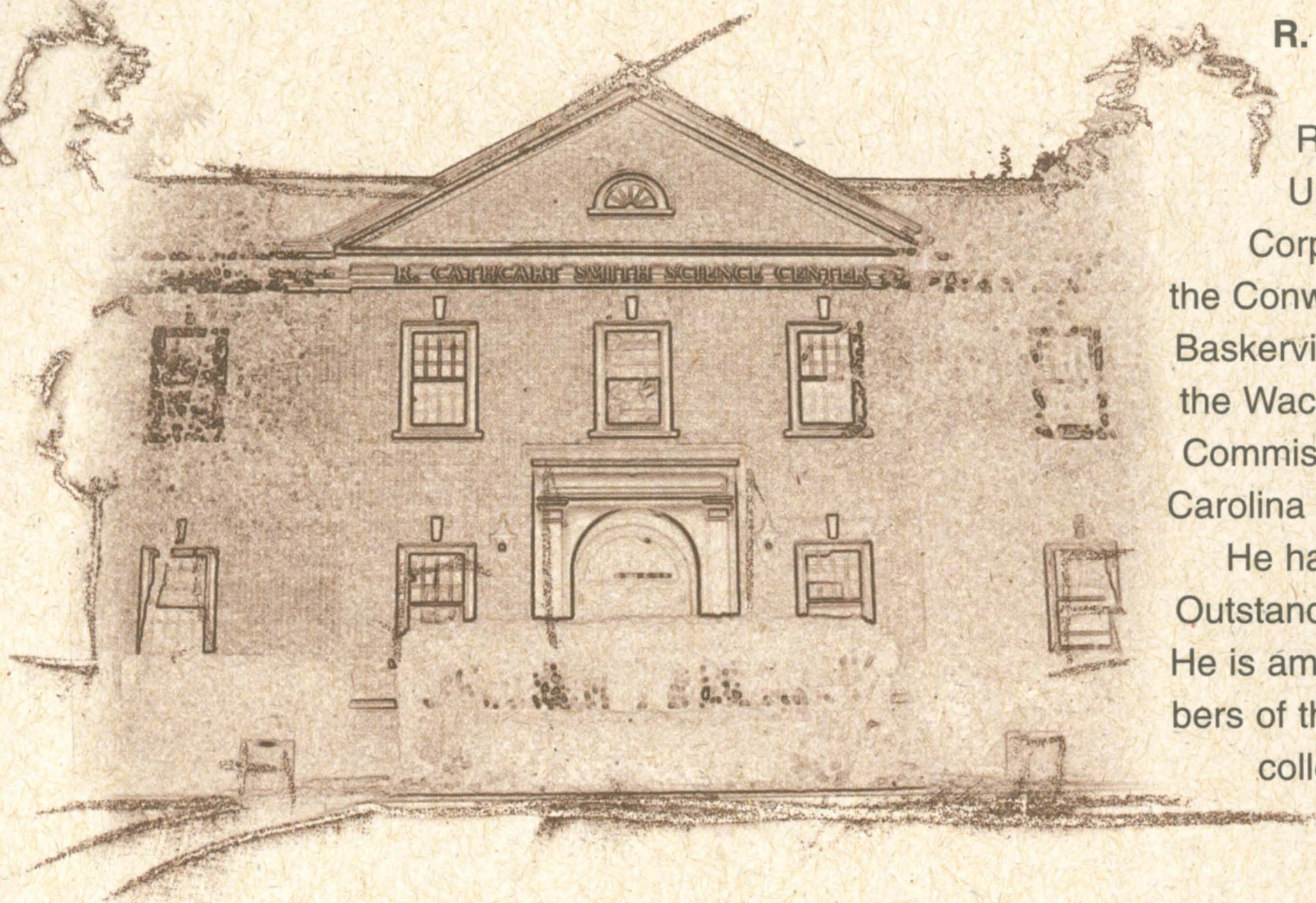
to the doors of many people, from the librarians to the Dean's Office, from the doors of Robin Edwards Russell, daughter of the Edwards, to those of Anne Monk, who works for the marketing division of our university. I have tried to unfold the past, and in the process, discovered its beauty. I now look at history majors with renewed admiration. Here is an account of all the beautiful people who helped build the foundations of our University.

## Kimbel Library

William Anthony Kimbel was a government consultant and corporate executive. He served as Assistant Military Attaché to the US Embassy in London. He was also the owner and publisher of the Myrtle Beach News. He was then appointed to the advisor delegation of UNESCO. He also served the US Army in World War I. He was the founder of the Dunes Golf and Beach Club, Myrtle Beach.







### R. Cathcart Smith Science Center

R. Cathcart Smith was a graduate in Medicine from the Duke University Medical School. He served in the US Army Medical Corps during World War II. He had been connected with hospitals in the Conway area, especially the Conway Hospital. He established the Baskerville Medical Clinic, a free clinic serving the medically indigent of the Waccamaw Neck area. He had been the chair of the South Carolina Commission on Higher Education and the Vice Chairman of the South Carolina Board of Education.

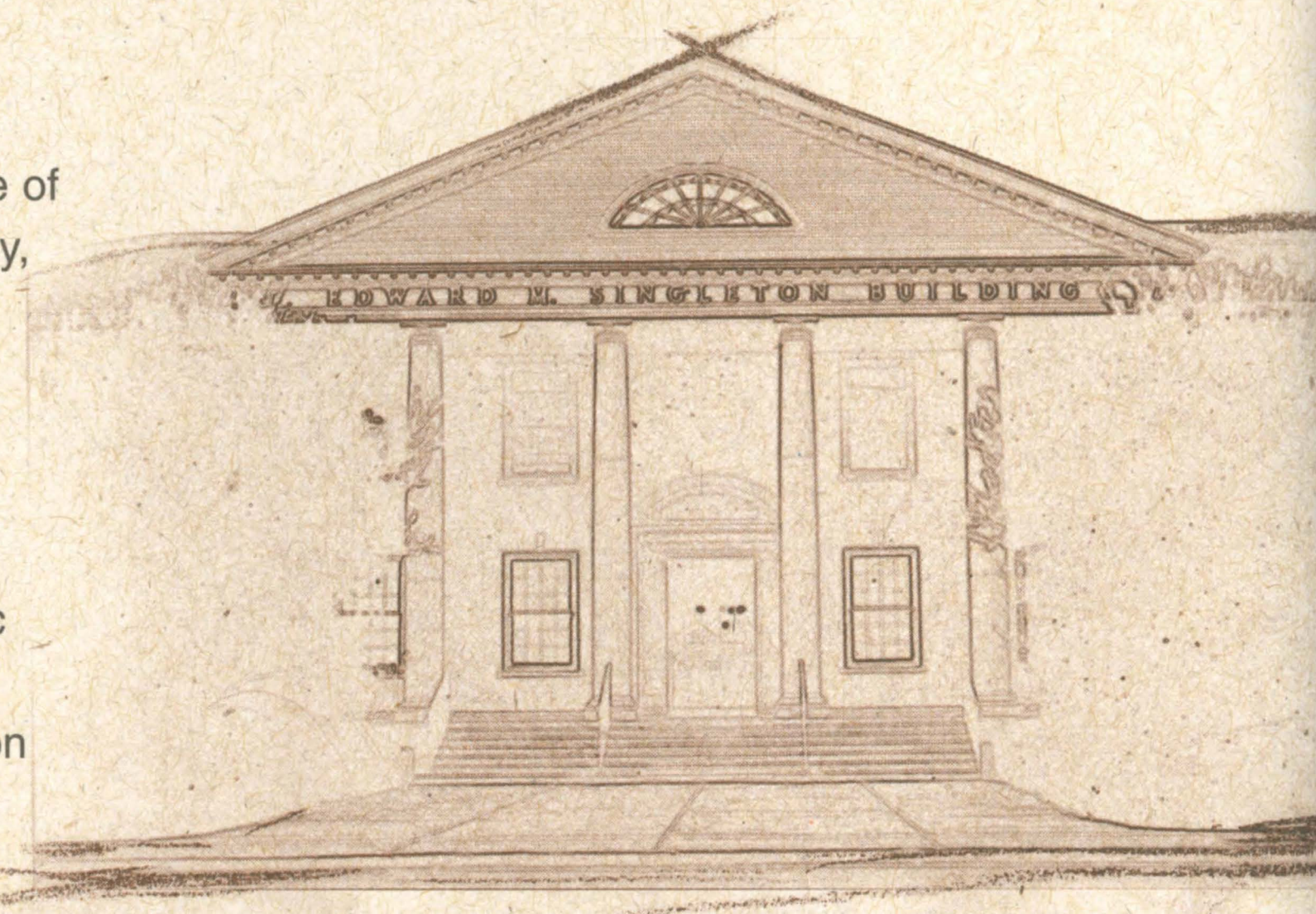
He had also been awarded the Order of Palmetto and the Outstanding Citizen Award for his service to this region and the state. He is among the first founders of our university. He was one of the members of the first committee that met in July, 1954, for establishing a junior college in Horry County.

### Edward M. Singleton Building

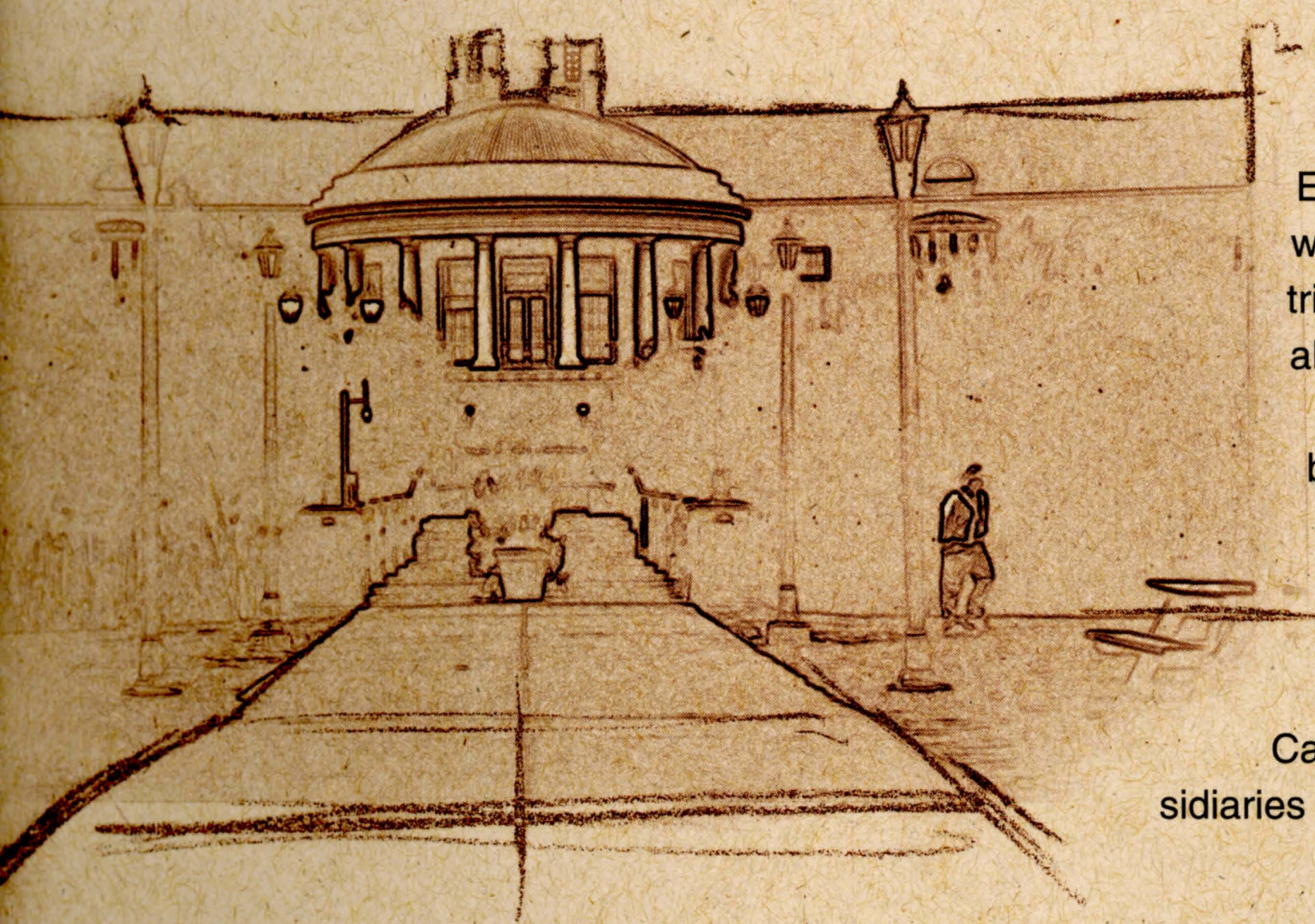
Edward M. Singleton is Chancellor Emeritus of our university. A native of Bucksport, SC, he was educated in the public schools of Horry County, and did his Bachelor's, Master's, and Ph.D. degree studies at the University of South Carolina. He was then involved with the public schools in the Horry County region.

He served as the director and later as the longest serving Chancellor of USC Coastal Carolina College. He also served as the First Commissioner of the Big South Conference, in which the athletic teams of Coastal participate.

He is now a Director Emeritus to the Coastal Education Foundation and Senior Adviser to Coastal President Ronald R. Ingle.







## E. Craig Wall Sr. College of Business Administration

E. Craig Wall, of Conway, should be an inspiration to all business majors. He was an entrepreneur, forester and forest products executive, salesman, industrialist, conservationist, banker, educational leader, and civic activist, but above all, he was a businessman of vision, and possessed a gift for innovation.

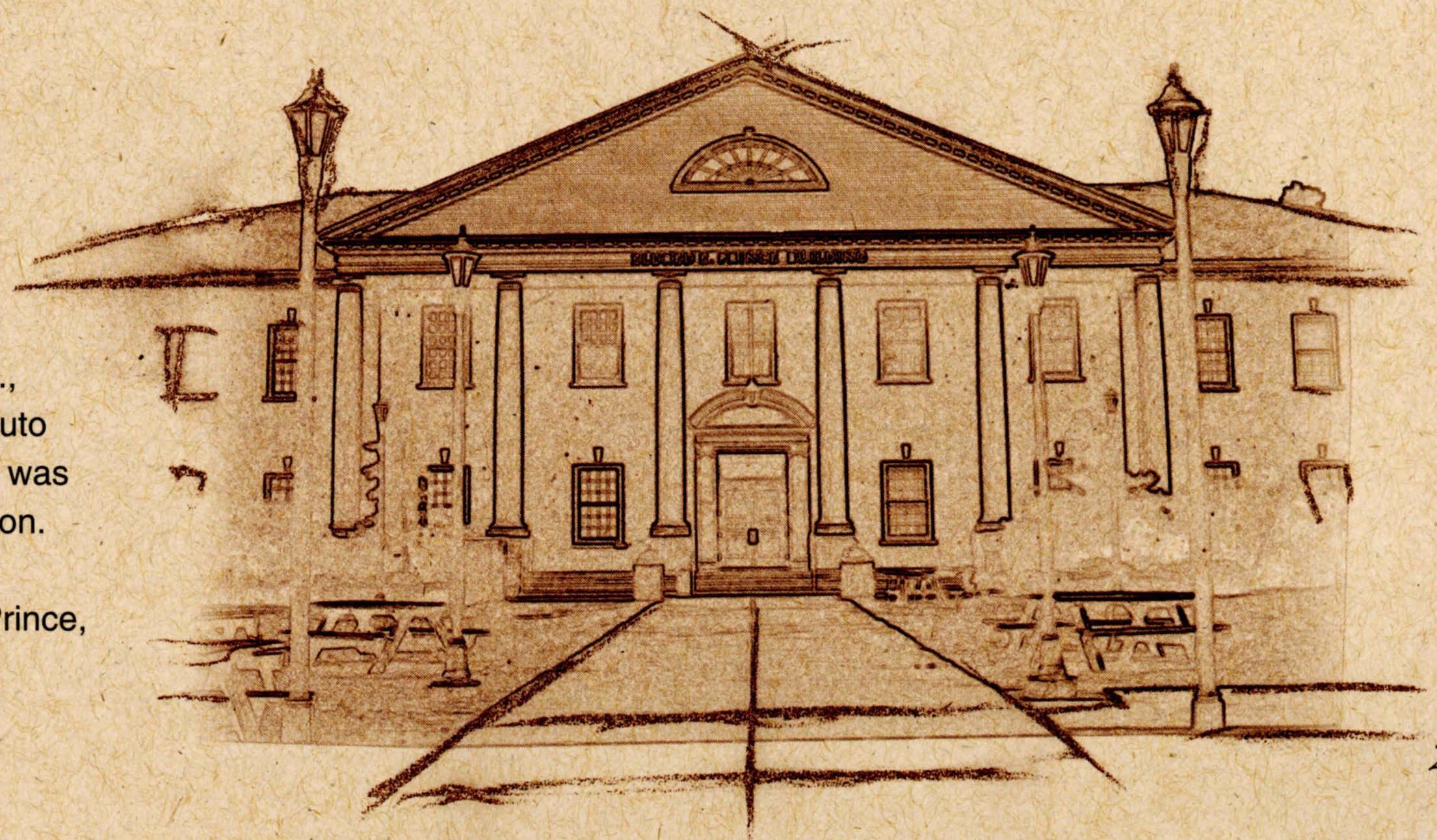
Through his first business, Canal Wood Corporation, many of his ideas became standards in the forestry and wood products industry, and in 1955, Canal Wood was referred to in Pulpwood Production magazine as “sort of a godfather of the forest industry.”

Diversification was a guiding principle for Wall, and from Canal Wood Corporation grew many forestry and wood-products companies in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia. Eventually the businesses became subsidiaries of Canal Industries, Inc.

## Eldred E. Prince Sr. Building

Eldred E. Prince Sr. was an auto parts dealer and a banker. He founded the Prince Chevrolet Co., and was the President of Prince Motor Co., Loris Auto Parts, Horry County National Bank, and others. He was also closely related to education boards in this region.

Our university's chair of History, Eldred E. “Wink” Prince, Jr. continues his legacy.





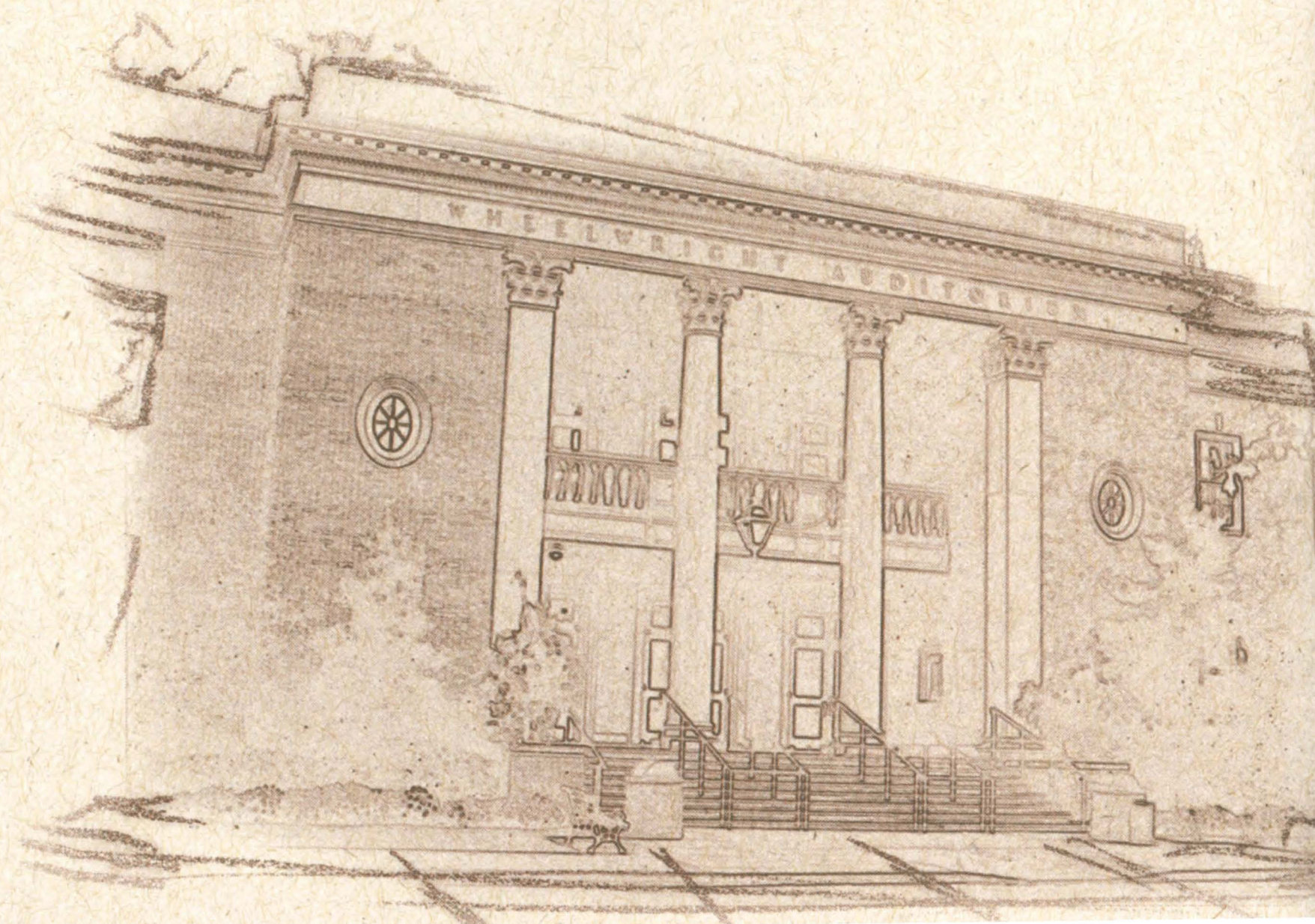
## Thomas W. and Robin W. Edwards College of Humanities and Fine Arts

Thomas and Robin Edwards were both graduates from Conway High School. Thomas Edwards had a distinguished military career during World War II as a US Army Infantryman with the 30th Division. He was associated with the sales department of Williams Furniture Corporation for 32 years. He was the recipient of a Presidential Merit Award from MUSC. Robin Williamson Edwards has a strong interest in arts and theater. She has earned 38 titles in national and regional pageants.

Their legacy continues with their daughter, Robin Edwards Russell, who teaches theater.

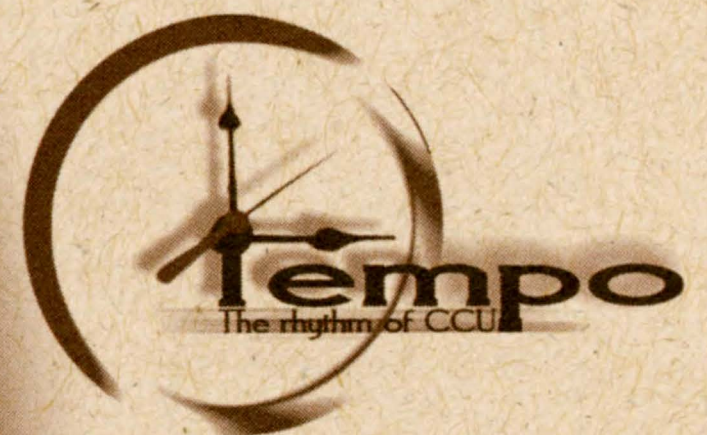
## Wheelwright Auditorium

Wheelwright Auditorium, was the first center for the performing arts to be dedicated in northeast South Carolina. The \$3.1 million facility was funded almost entirely by private donations, including a \$1.2 million gift from the Kimbel family. The facility is named for L. Maud Kimbel's maternal grandfather, John Wheelwright, who was involved with the cotton trade in South Carolina in the early 1900s.





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# Black

It's February, 12:34 a.m., Friday morning. My friend and I have just been stopped by blue and red lights, in a local Blockbuster parking lot, in Myrtle Beach. We figured that it was going to be a regular drop and go, but I guess we shouldn't have made it a Blockbuster Night that time.

It all started earlier that night. We had just come back from Gretchen's house, and she told us that she needed to drop off the movies that she had rented a couple of days before. Joe was going to drop me off anyway, so he decided that we should just go ahead and do it for her. When we arrived at the store, we parked so that we could check the tapes, just to make sure that we didn't grab the wrong tape and mistakenly place it in the box as we usually did.

Joe changed gears and drove over to the drop-off box, when suddenly blue and red lights appeared in the rear view mirror. "Ah shit, what do they want?" we both mumbled under our breath, "This is ridiculous!" The cop came to the passenger side window, my window, and told me to "down it."

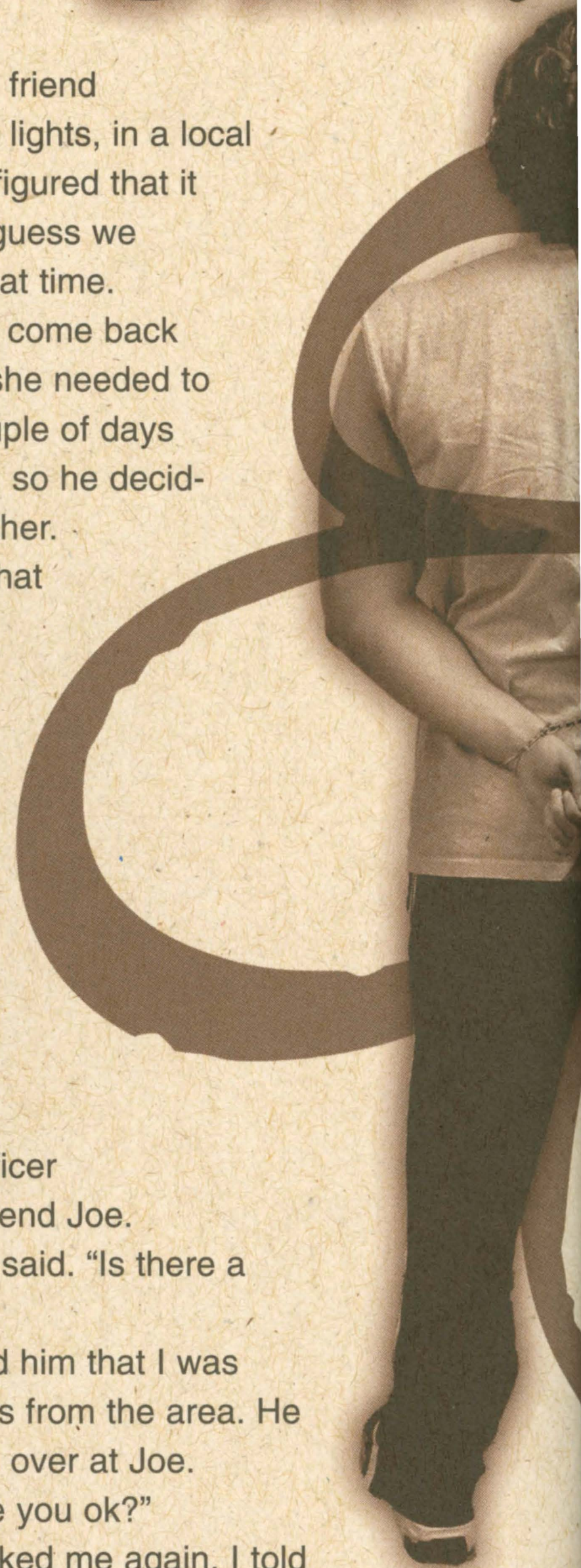
"It's a little late for y'all to be out here," the officer said, looking straight at me and then at my friend Joe.

"We're just dropping off some tapes," Joe said. "Is there a problem?"

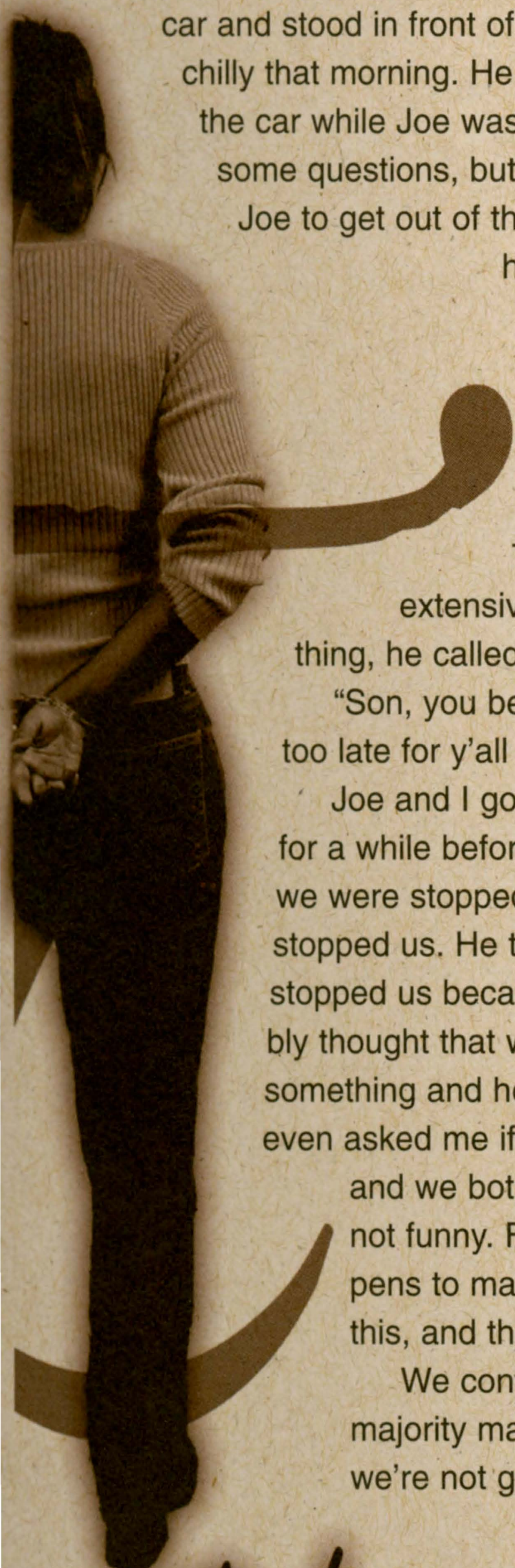
"Where y'all from?" the officer asked. I told him that I was from Charleston, and Joe told him that he was from the area. He continued to look at me, and then he glanced over at Joe.

Out of the blue, he whispered to me, "Are you ok?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm fine." He paused and asked me again. I told him that I was cool. He left me alone for the moment and returned his focus to Joe.







"I would like to see your i.d., sir." Joe pulled out his i.d. and gave it to the officer. While he looked it over, three more cruisers came behind him and the officers got out of their cars. "Step out of the car, miss." I climbed out of the car and stood in front of the headlights to stay warm, because it was a bit chilly that morning. He then began to check the glove compartment of the car while Joe was still behind the wheel. He began asking Joe some questions, but I couldn't make out what was happening. He told Joe to get out of the car, and he and the backup crew began to frisk him. I began to pray...hard, that Joe didn't have anything on him, or anything in the car, because I didn't want to go to jail. I'm too tired to go, I thought.

The original officer began talking to him with the other officers in the background.

Then, the first officer returned to perform an extensive search of the car. When he couldn't find anything, he called us both to the car.

"Son, you better respect this lady and take her home safe. It's too late for y'all to be out this late at night. You understand?"

Joe and I got back into the car and drove off. He was quiet for a while before he said anything. He was really pissed off that we were stopped, and that the officer didn't tell him why he stopped us. He turned, looked at me, and said, "You know. He stopped us because you're black, and I'm a white guy. He probably thought that we were going together or I was pimping you or something and he stopped us in the parking lot 'cause of that. He even asked me if you were giving me a blow job!" I looked at him, and we both started laughing about it, even though it was not funny. For that brief moment, Joe experienced what happens to many people of color everywhere. He understands this, and this has made us the best of friends today.

We continue to do things together regardless of what the majority may do, think, or say. But one thing is for sure, we're not going to have Blockbuster Nights for quite a while.

Blue



# Tempo's True Hollywood Story

Ellen Bernstein

Chauncy's origins began in the turbulent 1960's, when Coastal Carolina University was a small branch of the University of South Carolina. Sadly, his arrival represented the exile of another famed mascot, Trojan.

Trojan was the first love-child of English professor Dr. Geoffrey Dink, and his former Women's Lit. student Nunna Humper. As Trojan grew older, he became cocky, snappy, and frankly his popularity was fading. He was lewd with ladies and men alike, and he refused to settle down like his parents dreamed. Dr. Dink and Nunna finally decided that they had to give Trojan the ultimatum, "Quit foolin' around and do something productive with your life."

Trojan broke into tears and left. He didn't return for years.

We recently caught up with Trojan who now owns a lucrative business operation.

Trojan:

"Let me tell you something, that university destroyed me. They created me in Mascot-Image, giving me free pom-poms, countless cheerleaders, and any sport I craved, they provided. So I left on my own account, I wasn't going to be their sticker-boy anymore. I broke out on my own and now I make millions bringing society a safer service than any mascot could."

Dr. Dink and Nunna didn't give up hope. They decided to try again and were successful. On the humid day of June 1, 1969, Chauncy Chaucer HumperDink was born. As if fate commanded, he was born into the Chinese Astrology sign, Year of the Rooster.

Life growing up in Conway was all smiles and antics. Chauncy HumperDink

was voted class clown for three consecutive years in Conway Middle School, top entertainer at the talent show of 1983, and was the fourth mascot ever to win Dockers "Who Needs Pants Anyway?" contest in '82. Dockers Pants President, Hank Khaki:

"He was just amazing. I'd never seen thinner legs with plump thighs, and those toes! How could you not wish you had only six toes if it meant your feet would look like that?"

Yet, just like his brother before him, trouble was on the horizon.

Professor Geoffrey Dink:

"I guess I first started to see the resemblance to his brother when Chauncy entered high school. He thought he was top cock at school but others thought differently. They made fun of his looks a lot."

"I always told him how handsome he was" said Nunna, "but he didn't believe me. He said I was his mother, and I had to say that."

"That's also about the first time we caught him with cocaine. We didn't panic at first because we had experimented ourselves in the '60s. What harm could a little white line cause?"

"But we were wrong. Oh so terribly wrong," said Nunna as she comforted her teary-eyed husband.

Wrong they were. Chauncy HumperDink started to increase the amount of cocaine he did, adding other drugs of the '80s such as weed, PCP, and crack. He dropped his last name and went by Chauncy in all of the newspapers. He would skip school to hang out in the equipment sheds, throw parties, peck lines and listen to the band Flock of Seagulls. Soon enough, he started to steal.

Chauncy:

"I started out with small things, my mother's

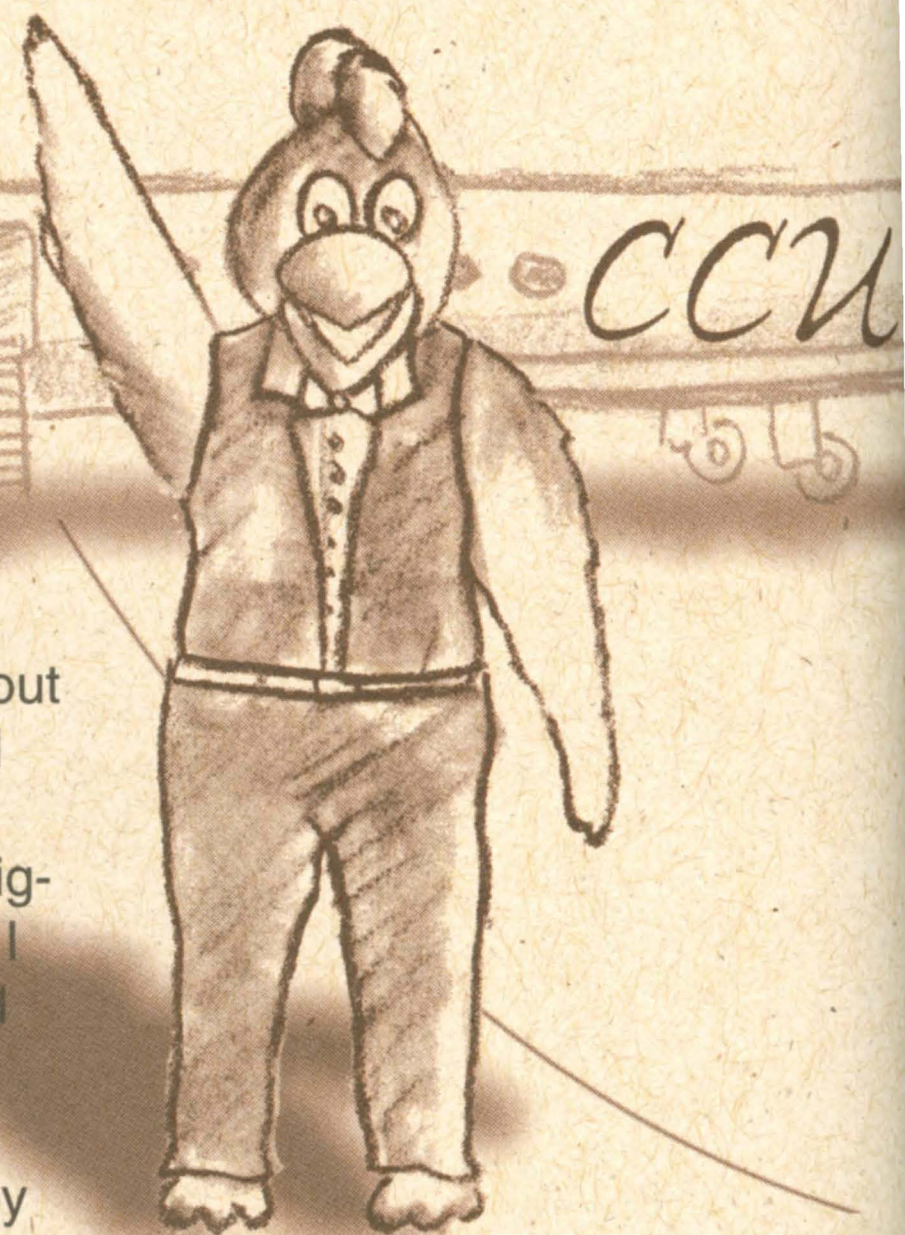
class ring, my father's English papers to sell to students, but things got out of control. I began to shoot for bigger things. I hit up Food Lion a few times and stole money from the regis-

ters, under the cover that I was just 'workin' the morning shift.' I got fired and became desperate. I broke into farms and stole ears of corn to eat and sell on street corners. My parents were so hurt."

And just when things couldn't get any worse, they did. On July 1, 1993, USC and its branch campus split. Chauncy lost his affiliation with his parents' university. The Coastal Carolina College officially became Coastal Carolina University. Rumors began concerning the fate of Chauncy. Olly McDonald, Head of Athletics:

"Frankly, we'd had enough. He had been nothing but a burden to us and brought down the name of our university. The drugs, the stealing, the late night crowing with friends, it was bringing him down too. Something had to be done, so we had a meeting to see if we still wanted him around."

The outlook was not good on July 7, 1993. An open forum was held to discuss the fate of Chauncy. His parents didn't show up. They







had long ago deserted a son once again, and relocated to Frances Marion University to start over.

Mr. and Mrs. HumperDink:

Nunna:

"It just became too hard, we thought tough love was the only thing that could save him. It worked for Trojie, he's so successful now."

Geoffrey:

"I didn't think I could let go of another son, but it was for the best."

On the day of the debate, Chauncy was in attendance but in disguise. He came as a Gamecock, the "mother" university. The forum was all too much to handle for Chauncy. The crowd was vicious in their remarks:

"He's just a big ugly chicken, a washed-up nobody if you ask me," said a sophomore student.

"I say we fry the loser," suggested a chef from CINO Grill.

"He doesn't even wear pants, for goodness sakes man! That's just indecent," said a Champion brand clothing designer.

"He pecked my daughter, Henna. She's only 17!"

It was all too much for Chauncy. Feeling rejected he downed an egg-ball, a mixture of powerful narcotics. Then in an emotional craze he stole a golf cart and sped dangerously fast as he circled campus with his left blinker on. But serious danger was just

around the corner.

Chauncy:

"I don't remember much from that day. All I know is that I hated everybody. I couldn't care less if I died, or killed someone else. I just needed to get away."

Chauncy's drug dealer, who wishes to remain anonymous, was the last person to see Chauncy that day:

"He was a mess. I didn't care that he was upset. I just wanted the money so I sold him the drugs without second thought. He told me he was going up to Hooters to drown his sorrows in some Grey Goose Vodka. That's the last I saw of him that day."

The golf-cart was no match for 501 back then. There was no traffic light at University Blvd. and 501. Chauncy pulled right out in front of a dairy truck. It was the worst wreck in 35 years. Chauncy's future was hanging in the balance.

Nunna HumperDink:

"I didn't want to believe it when I heard it. I felt like such a terrible mother because when the Coastal Police came to my door, I just thought he was arrested. I had no idea my child was on life support."

Surprisingly, he remained in a coma for 52 days. Outside of Conway Hospital, the public rallied for his recovery. They were led by none other than his older brother whom Chauncy had never met, Trojan:

"I had to do something. I had lots of money so I paid everyone to be there. I mean, he's my kid brother, ya know?"

The support apparently worked. Chauncy came out of his coma on September 29. From then on, it was a brand new Chauncy. After two rigorous years of physical therapy and rehab, he was a clean and sober mascot. Chauncy:

"I didn't think that I could do it. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do. The pain was excruciating, but luckily I had family and friends there."

Finally, in the spring of 1995, a new respectable Chauncy returned to campus. No one seems to remember his barely discernable substitute mascot, Atom. Coastal was better than ever. Chauncy reconciled with his parents, faculty, community and married his love Henna who was now 19. Henna's mother:

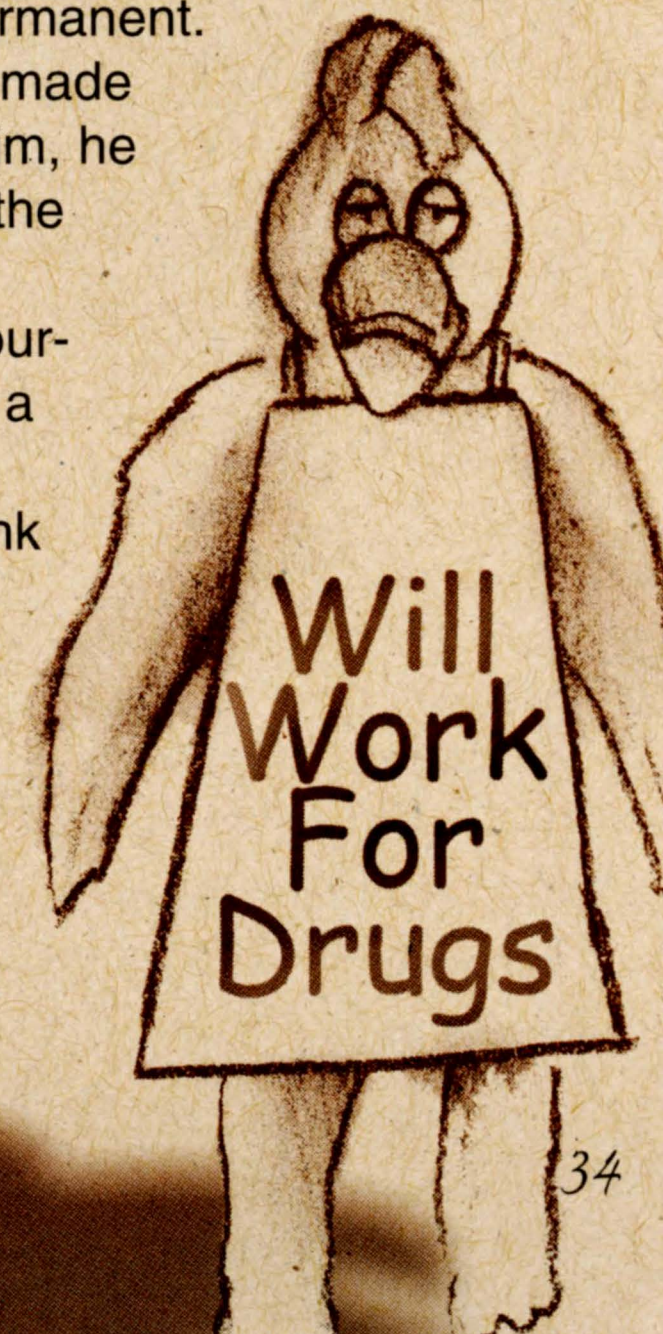
"Sure I hated him back then. He was every mother's worst nightmare. But his brother did pay for my new Harley, and Henna's apartment, so what the heck? Plus, he's so tender now."

Chauncy continues to surprise everyone. He underwent a new transformation in early fall of 2002. He decided to drop "Chauncy" and adopted a fierce logo to symbolize bravery and the ability to conquer all. The media has adapted to the change by calling him the "Mascot formerly known as Chauncy."

The road to recovery has been a rough one. Fans have shared in his downfalls, his hard times, but most of all they revel in the present, the great times. His antics have inspired others to become mascots, and his place at Coastal is permanent. Even with an attempt made in 2001 to get rid of him, he pulled through. He is the student's mascot.

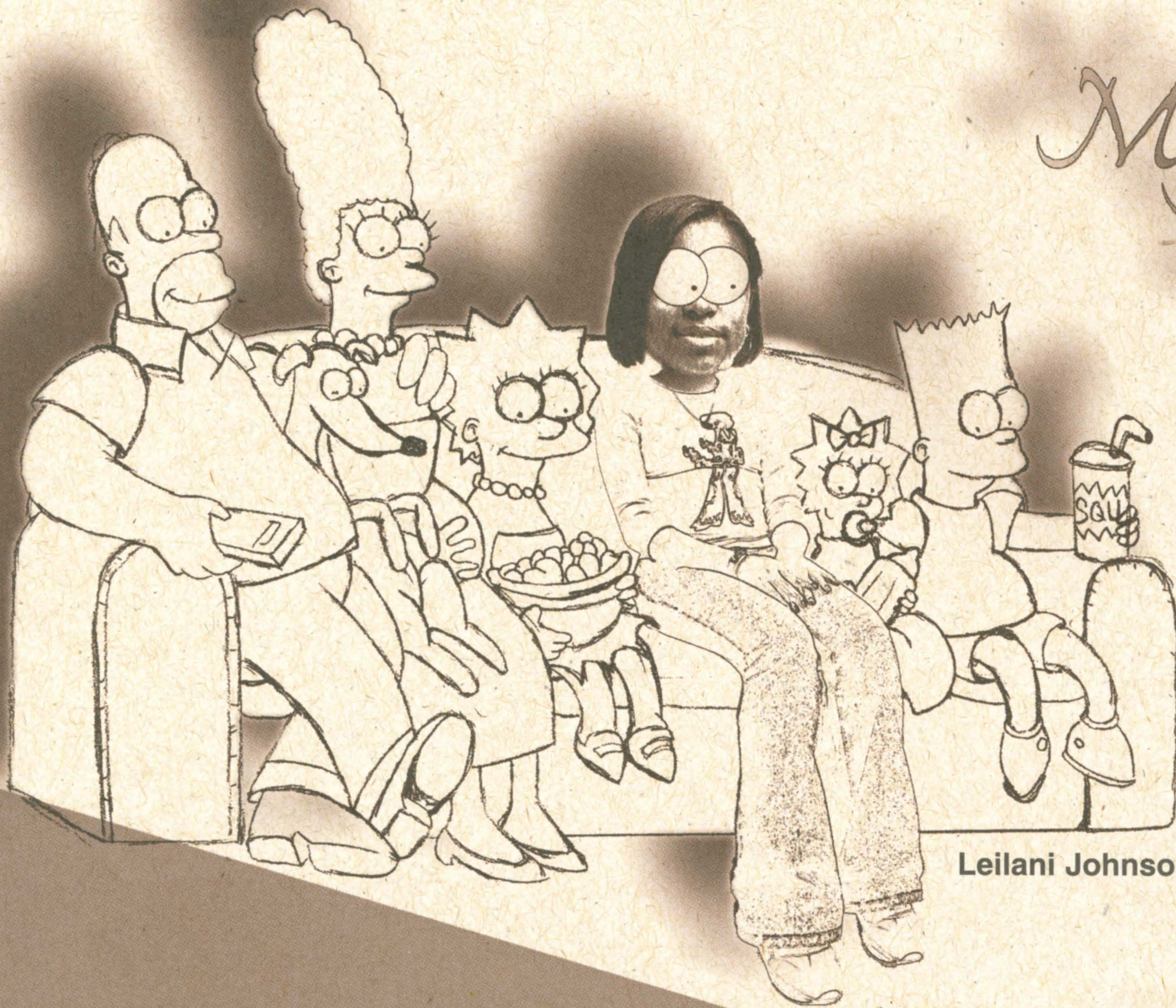
We end this long journey with the words of a hero. Chauncy:

"I'd just like to thank God for blessing me with all he has, and my parents for sticking by me. And really, I'd like to thank my fans, because without them, I wouldn't be here."





# My Obsession with The Simpsons



Leilani Johnson

Sitting at home after a long day of school, I stared at my Pre-Calculus book attempting to tackle the never-ending exercises of logarithms. Peeking up at the clock incessantly, I maintained the foolish belief that time would tick faster with each glance. Without even  
35 letting the minute hand fully turn to twenty-

nine, I pushed my math book off my bed and turned on the TV in anticipation. By 7:30 p.m., I was watching *The Simpsons*, in awe, as though I hadn't already seen the episode three times.

*The Simpsons* has to be the stupidest show, ever. At first I didn't understand why my cousins acted like those 24 minutes of pure sarcasm were heaven-sent. Nevertheless, I watched it with them, simply for the fact that they rarely included me in anything. Being the

youngest, they often treated me like that lost dog that followed the neighborhood kids, sniffing around, hoping to be included in the fun. Normally they shooed me away, pointing a finger in the opposite direction and telling me to get lost.

When they first let me watch *The Simpsons* with them, I didn't know what to



expect. I joined them on the living room floor, sitting Indian-style, waiting at any moment's notice to laugh. So I waited. And waited. They were roaring with laughter, clutching their stomachs, and wiping tears from their eyes. This is so stupid, I thought to myself as I began to find my gnawed-down fingernails more fascinating. But not wanting them to notice my immaturity, I laughed when they laughed, chuckled when they chuckled. I guess I got too carried away because at one point I found myself rolling around on the carpet, laughing so loud that I didn't hear them yelling at me. And that's when I saw that loathsome finger pointing to my room.

Over the years, I began to appreciate The Simpsons. Discussions during recess changed from who got the farthest in Super Mario Brothers to what happened on last night's episode. I was able to recite memorable scenes and funny moments verbatim. Stuffed teddy bears were replaced by stuffed Simpsons characters. Dentist appointments and horrifying school memories were logged in my Simpsons calendar and diary. By the time I was 12, my room looked like a museum of Simpson paraphernalia. Yet, I was blind to my own obsession until my mom called me into the kitchen one day to look at the phone bill. It reflected weekly 30-minute conversations held with my cousin where we spent only six minutes talking.

The other 24 were, well, when The Simpsons were on.

My favorite episode is when Homer tries to steal the highly worshipped Gummy Venus de Milo from a candy exposition. "Mmm, the Gummy Venus," Homer salivates as the Italian candy maker brags about the candy's rarity. When he turns his back, Homer breaks into the glass case, steals the gummy, and causes the siren to elicit a piercing wail. Bolting towards the exit, when Homer sees that the armed security guards were right on his feet, he simultaneously pounds his fists into candy and soda machines, rips open a bag of Pop Rocks, and shakes it on top of the carbonated drink. "See you in hell, candy boys!" he yells as he flings his grenade towards the guards. And just out of a scene from *Demolition Man*, Homer dives into the air in slow motion as the building explodes into flames.

The Simpsons is a show that anyone can enjoy. Unlike other cartoons, it goes far to entertain both those who desire 30 minutes of light-hearted comedy, and those who study the show as an art, like me. There are often secrets arbitrarily hidden throughout the show that the average viewer would not catch. In the same episode, for example, the board on the outside of the exposition read, "Today: Candy Exposition. Tomorrow: Vermin extermination."

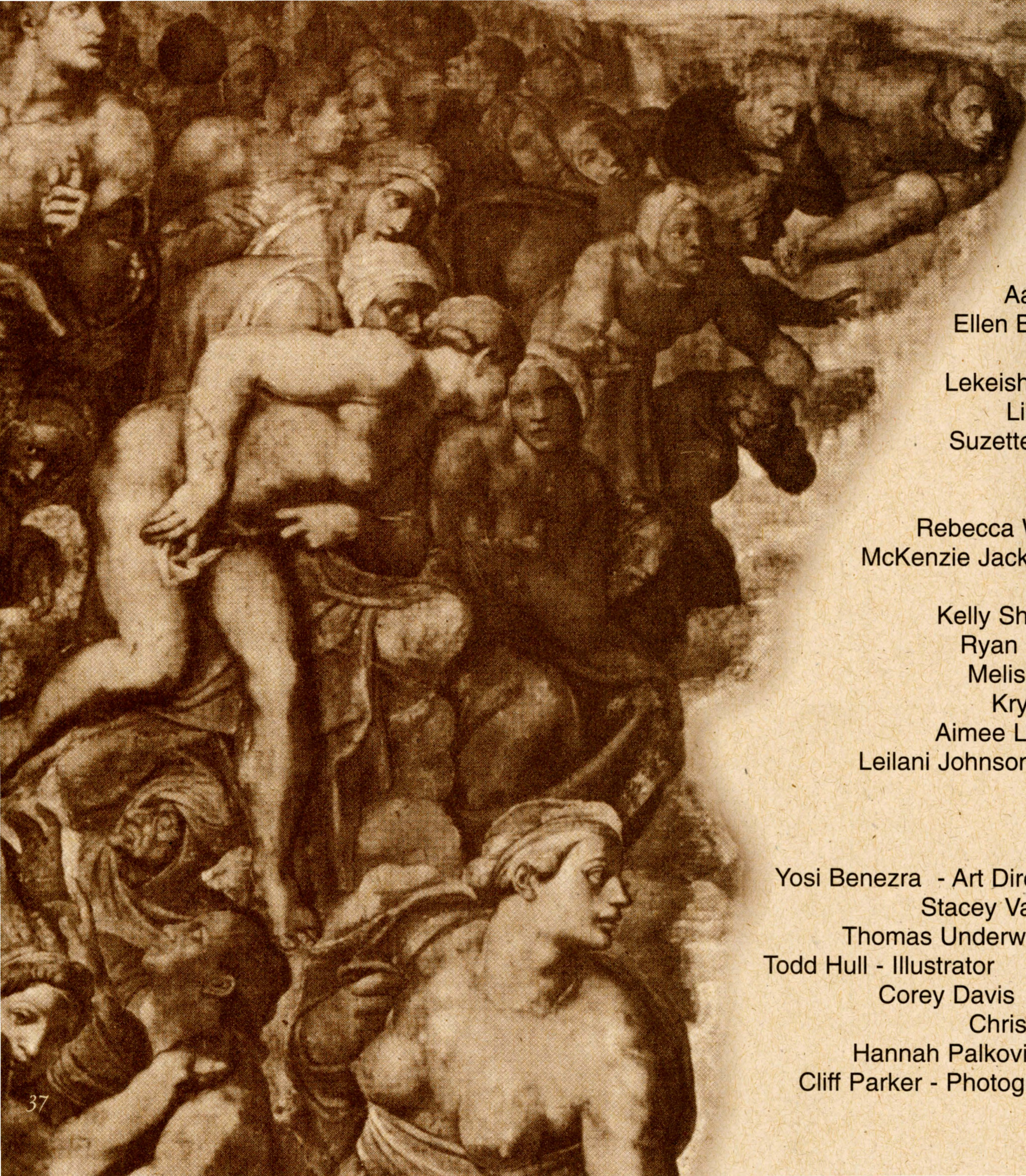
My parents are the most difficult to convince that The Simpsons is worth watching.

Although they won't admit it, I know they

like the show. They only deny it because if I found out, then they would never hear the end of it. So instead, they mock the show's silliness, make me beg incessantly to turn to it, and after I promise to do the dishes afterwards, approve.

On one of the episodes that we watched, Homer finds out that he only has a few years to live. Surprised, he exasperates, "Five more years? I can't live for only five more years! I won't even be alive to see my kids die!" At that point I heard my mom try to hide her snickering under a series of coughs and then she muttered, "Goodness, this show is so stupid!" Moving my eyes away from the screen, I looked at her and said, "It's okay, Mom. We all need a little stupidity in our lives."





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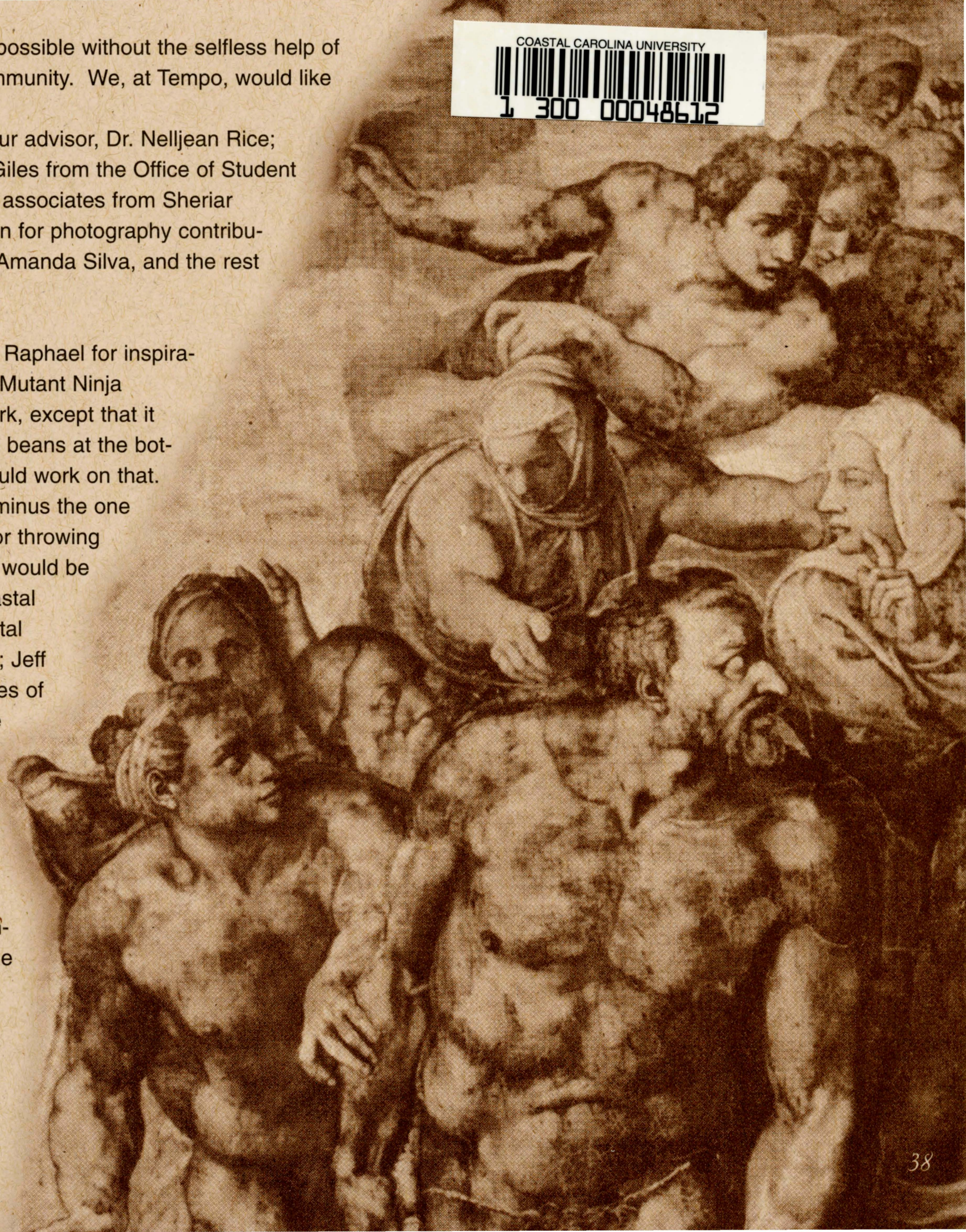
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